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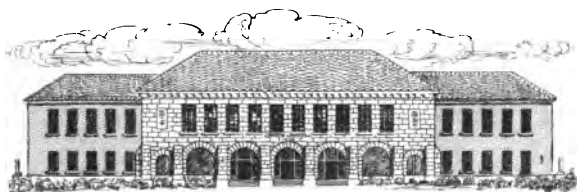
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INTRODUCTORY SECOND READER

THE
HORACE MANN
READERS



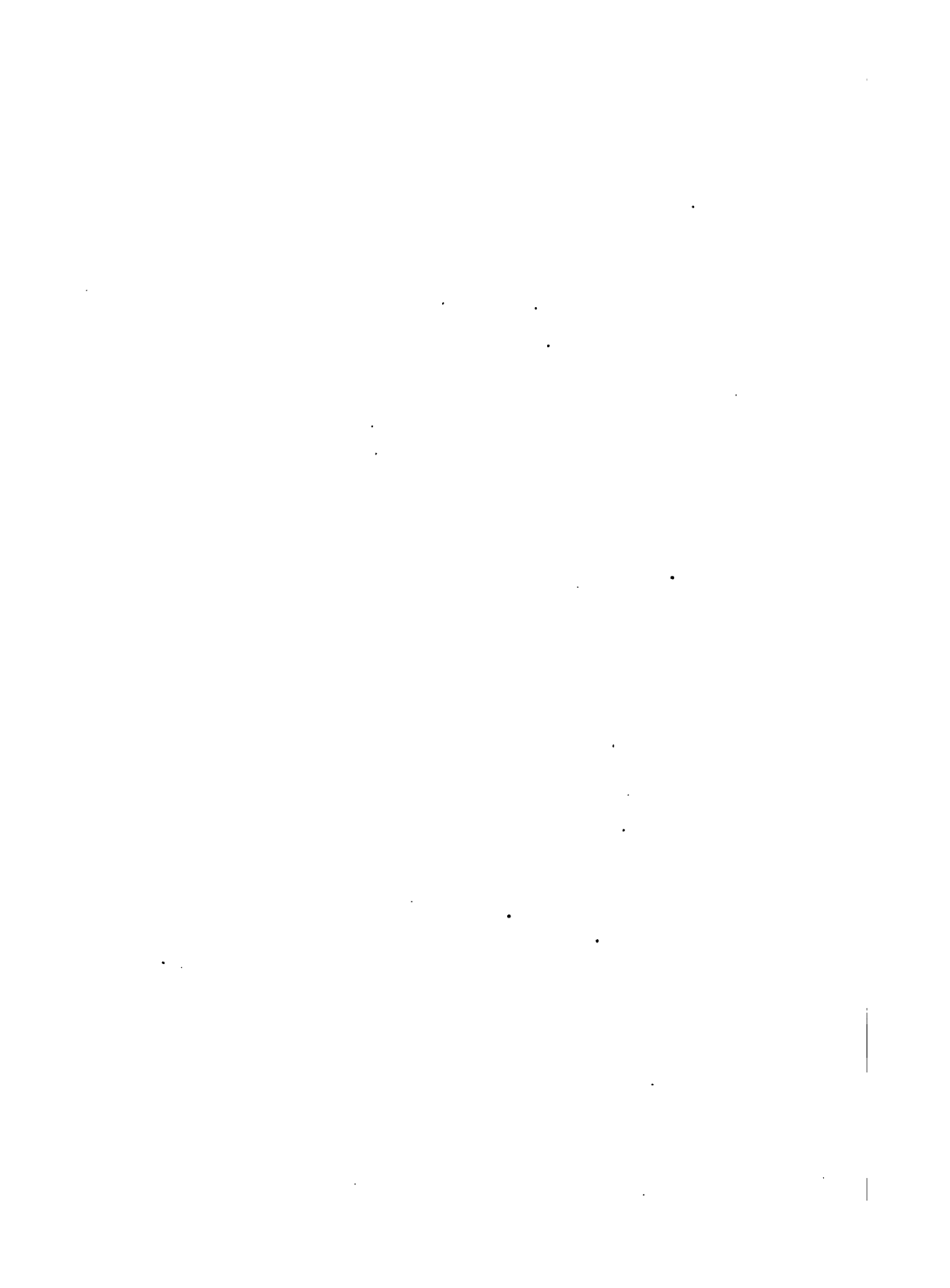


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THE HORACE MANN READERS

INTRODUCTORY SECOND READER

BY

WALTER L. HERVEY, PH.D.

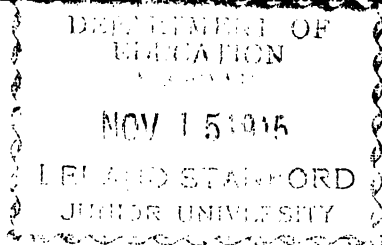
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Bv

THE HORACE MANN READERS

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FOREWORD

THIS Introductory Second Reader has been prepared in response to an urgent demand. Teachers using the Horace Mann Readers and the "Daily Lesson Plans," the Teachers' Manual of the Series, have found that their pupils have made such rapid progress as to exhaust the material supplied by the Primer, the First Reader, and the Second Reader long before the end of the second year. They have therefore insistently requested the authors to prepare an additional reader which should be, in point of vocabulary and phonic system, an integral part of the Horace Mann Series and suitable for use between the First and Second Readers.

The present book, it is believed, satisfies these requirements and furnishes interesting and valuable material for reading lessons, word studies, and phonic drills.

Teachers using this book are urged to make regular use of the phonic exercises, word problems, and drills, which are given, lesson by lesson, at the end of the book. For it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the highest success in teaching beginners to read depends, not merely upon the use of an abundance of well-graded, permanently interesting reading matter, but also on the wise and skillful use of phonics, the *master key* to independent reading.

Experience has demonstrated the soundness and the efficiency of the Horace Mann method of teaching reading. It has been proved that while methods depending chiefly upon mechanical repetition produce little result with great labor, the Horace Mann method, depending upon the intelligent mastery of *operative processes*, achieves great results with comparatively little labor.

For an exposition of the theory underlying the Horace Mann method, together with practical suggestions for handling every phase of the reading lesson, teachers are referred to "Daily Lesson Plans," the Teachers' Manual of the Series.

Acknowledgments are due to Frederick A. Stokes & Company for their kind permission to use two poems, "Dirty Goops" from "Goops and How To Be Them," and "Stealing Rides" from "Goops and How Not To Be Them," by Gelett Burgess; to Anne Sykes Schutze for "Star Wishes," originally published in "The Youth's Companion"; to "The Youth's Companion" for "The Wake-up Story" by Eudora Bumstead, and "Politeness" by G. C. A.; to Ninette M. Lowater for "Ten Little Pumpkins"; to Small, Maynard & Company for "Frog Papa" by John B. Tabb; and to Frederick Warne & Company for "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" by Beatrix Potter.

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TOMMY TIT AND PHOEBE BIRD

INTRODUCTORY SECOND READER

TOMMY TIT AND PHŒBE BIRD

PART I

Long, long ago, Tommy . Tit and Phœbe Bird lived in a little hut by the side of a river.

They made their soup in a big clam-shell.

One day Phœbe Bird fell into the hot soup, and was scalded to death.

When Tommy Tit saw that his little wife was dead, he began to weep and wail.

Now, there was a little dish sitting upon the table. And the little dish heard Tommy Tit weeping and wailing.

And the little dish asked :

“Tommy Tit, Tommy Tit, why do you weep and wail?”

And Tommy Tit answered and said :

“Oh, Phœbe Bird is dead !

And so I weep and wail.”

“Then,” said the little dish, “I’ll rattle.” And the little dish began to rattle.

Now the table heard the little dish rattle. So the table asked :

“Little dish, little dish, why do you rattle?”

And the little dish answered and said :

“Oh, Phœbe Bird is dead !

Tommy Tit weeps and wails,

And so I rattle.”

“Then,” said the table, “I’ll roll.”
And the table began to roll.



Now there was a little chair standing before the fire. And the little chair saw the table roll. So the little chair asked :

“Little table, little table, why do you roll ?”

And the little table answered and said :

“Oh, Phoebe Bird is dead,
Tommy Tit weeps and wails,
The little dish rattles,
And so I roll.”

"Then," said the little chair, "I'll jump." And the little chair began to jump about the room.

Now there was a little spinning-wheel standing in one corner of the room. And the little spinning-wheel saw the chair jump. So the little spinning-wheel asked:

"Little chair, little chair, why do you jump?"

And the chair answered and said:

"Oh, Phœbe Bird is dead,
Tommy Tit weeps and wails,
The little dish rattles,
The little table rolls,
And so I jump."

"Then," said the spinning-wheel, "I'll spin." And the spinning-wheel began to spin.

TOMMY TIT AND PHŒBE BIRD

PART II

Now there was a little fire in the fireplace. And the little fire saw the spinning-wheel spin. So the little fire asked:

“Spinning-wheel, why do you spin?”

And the spinning-wheel answered and said:

“Oh, Phœbe Bird is dead,
Tommy Tit weeps and wails,
The little dish rattles,
The little table rolls,
The little chair jumps,
And so I spin.”

“Then,” said the fire, “I’ll smoke.”
And the fire began to smoke.

Now the wind saw the smoke from the fire. So the wind asked :

“Fire, fire, why do you smoke?”

And the fire answered and said :

“Oh, Phœbe Bird is dead,
Tommy Tit weeps and wails,
The little dish rattles,
The little table rolls,
The little chair jumps,
The spinning-wheel spins,
And so I smoke.”

“Then,” said the wind, “I’ll whistle.”
And the wind began to whistle.

Now there was a little apple tree standing by the side of the river. And the little apple tree heard the wind whistle. So the little apple tree asked :

“Wind, wind, why do you whistle?”

And the wind answered and said :



“Oh, Phœbe Bird is dead,
Tommy Tit weeps and wails,
The little dish rattles,
The little table rolls,
The little chair jumps,
The spinning-wheel spins,
The little fire smokes,
And so I whistle.”

“Then,” said the little apple tree,

“I’ll shake.” And the little apple tree began to shake. And the tree shook so hard that it shook off all its leaves. And some of the leaves fell into the river.

The river saw the tree shake and its leaves fall. So the river asked :

“ Apple tree, apple tree, why do you shake ? ”

And the tree answered and said :

“ Oh, Phœbe Bird is dead,
Tommy Tit weeps and wails,
The little dish rattles,
The little table rolls,
The little chair jumps,
The spinning-wheel spins,
The fire smokes,
The wind whistles,
And so I shake.”

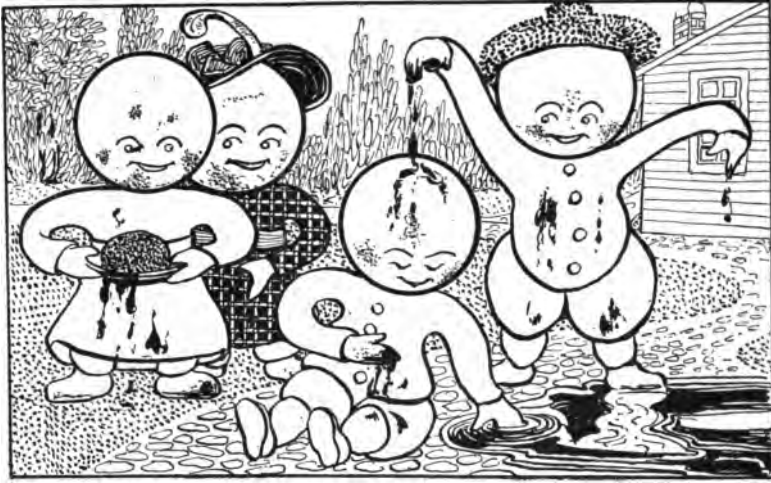
“ Then,” said the river, “ I’ll rise.”
And the river began to rise. And it

rose so high that it swept away the little house, and scared Tommy Tit so that —
“He hopped across the floor,
And flew out of the door,
And never came back any more.”



THE FAIRIES' DANCE

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day ;
As we frisk, the dew doth fall ;
Trip it, little fairies all ;
Two by two, and three by three
All around the fairy tree.



DIRTY GOOPS

The Goops they are spotted on chin
and on cheek,

You could dig the dirt off with a
trowel!

But *you* wash your face twenty times
every week,

And you don't do it all on the towel!

The Goops are all dirty, and what do
they do?

They like to be dirty, and stay so.

But if you were dirty, you'd wash,
wouldn't you?

If you needed a bath, you would say
so !

— GELETT BURGESS.



THE SILLY LITTLE LAMP

One night a little lamp sat on a table.

It made the room bright.

The little lamp was proud of itself.

It said : " How bright the room is ! I
give more light than the moon and the
stars."

Just then the door blew open. The

wind came in and blew out the lamp.

The moonlight streamed in at the little door.

Then the little lamp was ashamed.

“You silly little thing,” it said to itself, “the wind cannot blow out the moon or the stars.”



LEFT ! RIGHT !

Left ! right ! left ! right ! here we go,
Ten small soldiers in a row;
Left ! right ! left ! right ! marching free;
A soldier's life's the life for me.



THE LITTLE BIRD AND THE BUSH

PART I

A little bird once flew down upon a bush, and said:

“Little bush, little bush, please give me a swing.”

But the bush would not.

Then the little bird was angry and went to the goat and said:

“Goat, goat, nibble bush;

Bush won't give me a swing.”

But the goat would not.

Then the little bird went to the dog, and said:

“Dog, dog, chase goat;

Goat won't nibble bush,

Bush won't give me a swing.”

But the dog would not.

Then the little bird went to the wolf, and said :

“Wolf, wolf, kill dog;
Dog won't chase goat,
Goat won't nibble bush,
Bush won't give me a swing.”

But the wolf would not.

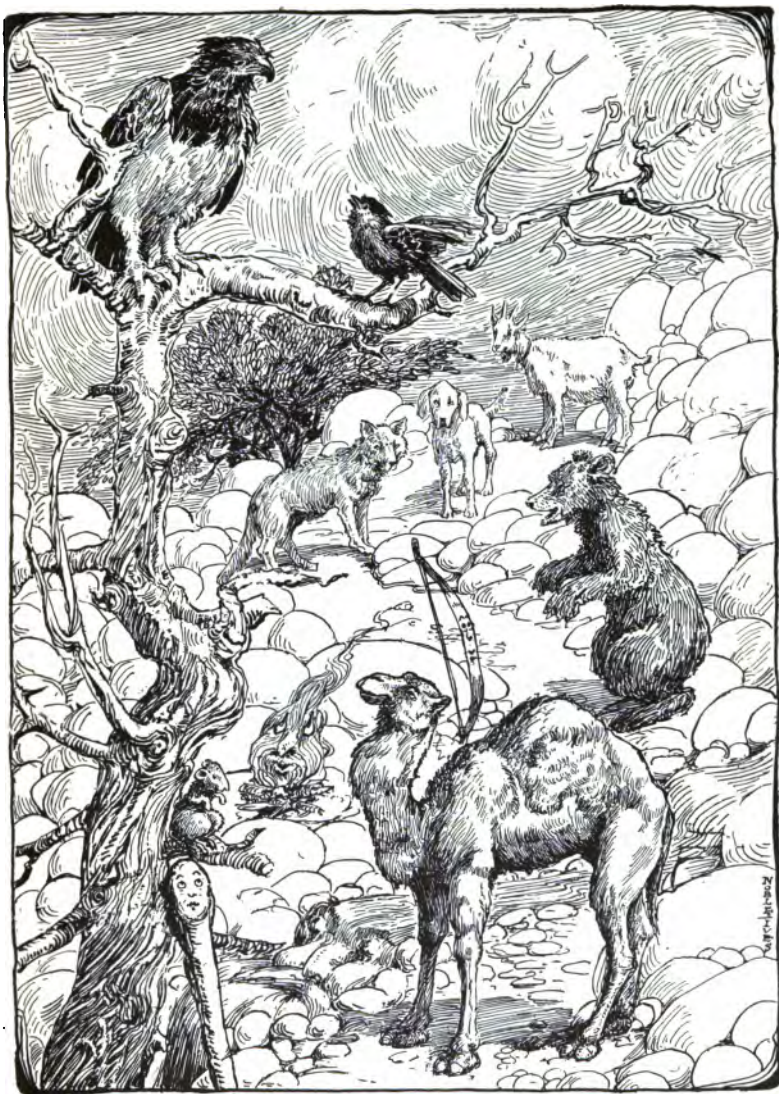
Then the little bird went to the bear, and said :

“Bear, bear, strike wolf;
Wolf won't kill dog,
Dog won't chase goat,
Goat won't nibble bush,
Bush won't give me a swing.”

But the bear would not.

Then the little bird went to the bow, and said :

“Bow, bow, shoot bear;
Bear won't strike wolf,
Wolf won't kill dog,



THE LITTLE BIRD AND THE BUSH

Dog won't chase goat,
Goat won't nibble bush,
Bush won't give me a swing."
But the bow would not.
Then the little bird went to the fire,
and said :

"Fire, fire, burn bow;
Bow won't shoot bear,
Bear won't strike wolf,
Wolf won't kill dog,
Dog won't chase goat,
Goat won't nibble bush,
Bush won't give me a swing."
But the fire would not.
Then the little bird went to the
water, and said :

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn bow,
Bow won't shoot bear,
Bear won't strike wolf,

Wolf won't kill dog,
Dog won't chase goat,
Goat won't nibble bush;
Bush won't give me a swing."
But the water would not.

THE LITTLE BIRD AND THE BUSH

PART II

So the little bird went to the camel,
and said:

"Camel, camel, drink water;
Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn bow,
Bow won't shoot bear,
Bear won't strike wolf,
Wolf won't kill dog,
Dog won't chase goat,
Goat won't nibble bush,

Bush won't give me a swing."
But the camel would not.
Then the little bird went to the club,
and said :

“Club, club, strike camel,
Camel won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn bow,
Bow won't shoot bear,
Bear won't strike wolf,
Wolf won't kill dog,
Dog won't chase goat,
Goat won't nibble bush,
Bush won't give me a swing.”

But the club would not.
So the little bird went to the mouse,
and said :

“Mouse, mouse, gnaw club;
Club won't strike camel,
Camel won't drink water,

Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn bow,
Bow won't shoot bear,
Bear won't strike wolf,
Wolf won't kill dog,
Dog won't chase goat,
Goat won't nibble bush,
Bush won't give me a swing."

But the mouse would not.

Then the little bird went to the hawk,
and said :

"Hawk, hawk, catch mouse ;
Mouse won't gnaw club,
Club won't strike camel,
Camel won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn bow,
Bow won't shoot bear,
Bear won't strike wolf,
Wolf won't kill dog,

Dog won't chase goat,
Goat won't nibble bush,
Bush won't give me a swing."
"Very well," said the hawk, "I'll
catch the mouse."

Then the hawk began to catch the
mouse,

The mouse began to gnaw the club,
The club began to strike the camel,
The camel began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the bow,
The bow began to shoot the bear,
The bear began to strike the wolf,
The wolf began to kill the dog,
The dog began to chase the goat,
The goat began to nibble the bush,
And the bush cried out:

"Swing away, little bird, swing away,
swing!"



STAR WISHES

A little girl sat up one night,
To watch the first star overhead,
And when she saw its tiny light,
These are the words she said:
 "Star light! Star bright!
 First star seen to-night;
 Wish I may, wish I might,
 Have the wish I wish to-night.
I wish to have another day,
And then I'll play, and play, and
play!"



A little owl sat up till day,
To watch the last star overhead,
And when he saw it fade away,
These are the words he said:
 “Star light! Star bright!
 Last star seen to-night;
 Wish I may, wish I might,
 Have the wish I wish to-night.
Another night—a dark one too,
When I can fly and cry, ‘Whoo!
whoo!’”

— ANNE SYKES SCHUTZE.

THE CLAM AND THE CROW

Once upon a time a big fresh-water clam lay on the edge of a brook. Its shell was partly open.

A crow flying over looked down and saw the clam.

"Ah," said the crow to himself, "that clam looks good to me." And he dropped down beside it.

"Peck!" went the crow's bill, and "shut!" went the clam-shell.

The bill was caught fast, and the crow could not get it free.

Then said the crow, as well as he could with his bill shut up in a clam-shell:

"Look here, clam, your shell is open; if you do not close it soon, you will die."

The clam replied, as well as he could without letting go of the crow's bill :

“Look here, crow, your bill is shut in; if you do not get it out soon, you will die.”

Just then a fox came along and ate them both.



THE OLD MAN WITH A NOSE

There was an old man with a nose
Who said, “If you choose to suppose
That my nose is too long,
You are certainly wrong;”
That remarkable old man with a nose.

THE POOR MAN AND THE THIEF

A poor man once dwelt with his wife in a little hut. They had nothing in the world but a few old pots and pans, some stools, and a little straw.

One evening, after working hard, they went to bed early and were soon fast asleep.

In the middle of the night a thief broke into their hut to rob them.

As he was feeling around with his hands he upset a stool, and the noise woke the poor man and his wife.

"A thief!" whispered the woman; "get up and drive him out."

"No," answered the man, "let him stay as long as he wants to. Perhaps he will drop something of his own."

THE SPARROW AND THE CROW

PART I

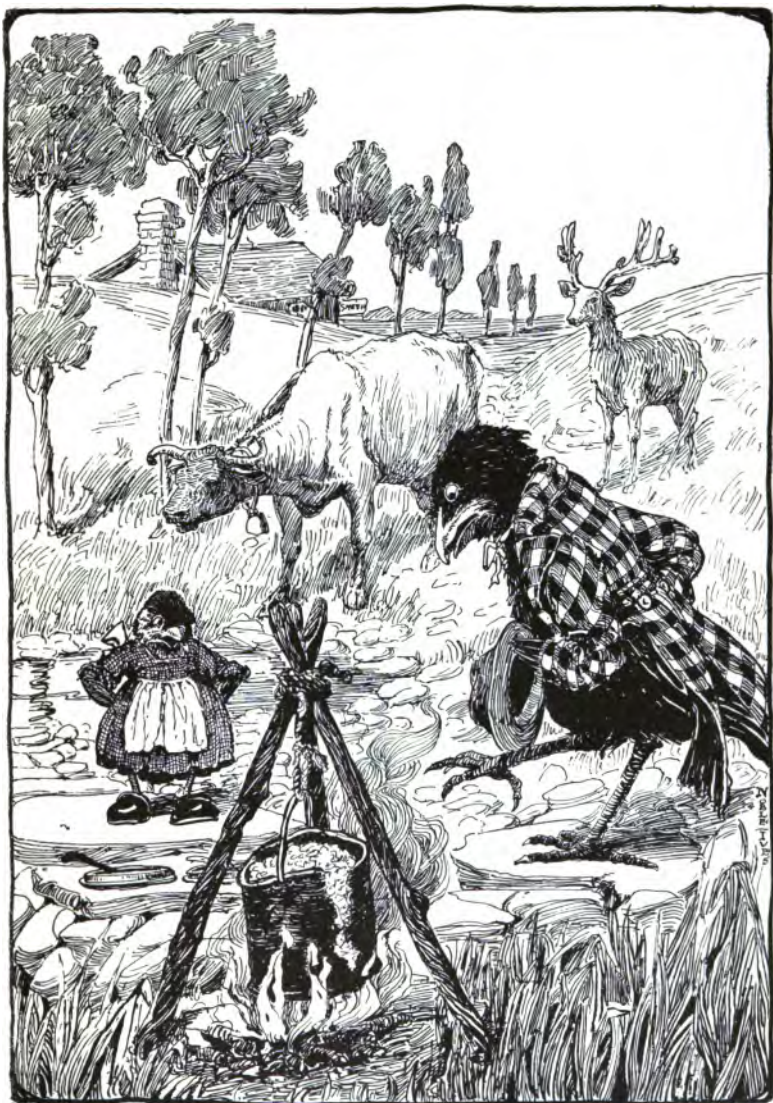
Once upon a time a sparrow and a crow agreed to have a rice pudding for dinner. So the sparrow bought rice and the crow bought currants.

The sparrow was cook, and when the pudding was ready, the crow stood by to eat his share.

“Who ever heard of any one sitting down to dinner so dirty as you are?” asked the sparrow.

“Your head is quite black and your body looks as if it had coal dust all over it. For goodness’ sake, go and wash in the pond first.”

The crow did not like to be called



THE SPARROW AND THE CROW

dirty; but he went to the pond and said:

“Your name, sir, is pond,
But my name is crow,
Please give me some water;
For if you do so,
I can wash beak and feet
And the nice pudding eat;
Though I really don’t know
What the sparrow can mean,
For I’m sure, as crows go,
I’m remarkably clean!”

But the pond said: “To be sure I will give you water; but first you must go to the deer and beg him to give you a horn. Then with it you can dig a little rill for the water to flow in clean and fresh.”

So the crow flew to the deer, and said:

“Your name, sir, is deer,
But my name is crow,
Oh, give me a horn, please;
For if you do so,
I can dig a clean rill
For the water to fill;
Then I'll wash beak and feet
And the nice pudding eat;
Though I really don't know
What the sparrow can mean,
For I'm sure, as crows go,
I'm remarkably clean!”

But the deer said: “To be sure I
will give you a horn; but first you
must go to the cow and ask her to
give you some milk for me to drink.”

So the crow flew off to the cow,
and said:

“Your name, ma'am, is cow,
But my name is crow,

Oh, give me some milk, please ;
For if you do so,
Then the deer in his turn
Will give me his horn,
And I'll dig a clean rill
For the water to fill ;
Then I'll wash beak and feet
And the nice pudding eat ;
Though I really don't know
What the sparrow can mean,
For I'm sure, as crows go,
I'm remarkably clean !”

THE SPARROW AND THE CROW

PART II

But the cow said: “To be sure I will give you some milk, but first you must bring me some grass; for who ever heard of a cow giving milk without grass ?”

So the crow flew to the grass, and
said :

“Your name, sir, is grass,
But my name is crow,
Oh, give me some blades, please;
For if you do so,
The cow will give milk
To the deer sleek as silk;
And he in his turn
Will give me his horn,
And I’ll dig a clean rill
For the water to fill;
Then I’ll wash beak and feet
And the nice pudding eat;
Though I really don’t know
What the sparrow can mean,
For I’m sure, as crows go,
I’m remarkably clean!”

But the grass said: “To be sure I
will give you some blades; but first

you must go to the blacksmith and ask him to make you a sickle. Then you can cut me; for who ever heard of grass cutting itself?"

So the crow went to the blacksmith, and said:

"Your name, sir, is smith,
But my name is crow,
Please give me a sickle;
For if you do so,
The grass I can mow
As food for the cow;
The cow will give milk
To the deer sleek as silk;
And he in his turn
Will give me his horn,
And I'll dig a clean rill
For the water to fill;
Then I'll wash beak and feet
And the nice pudding eat;

Though I really don't know
What the sparrow can mean
For I'm sure, as crows go,
I'm remarkably clean!"

"With pleasure," said the blacksmith, "if you will light the fire, and blow the bellows."

So the crow began to light the fire, and blow the bellows, but in so doing he fell right into-the-very-middle-of-the-FIRE, and was burnt!

So that was the end of him, and the sparrow ate all the nice rice pudding.



A MAY SONG

A merry little maiden

In the merry month of May
Came tripping o'er the meadow
As she sang this merry lay:

"I'm a merry little maiden,
My heart is light and gay,
And I love the sunny weather
In the merry month of May.

"I love the little birdies
That sport along my way,
And sing their sweet and merry songs
In the merry month of May.

"I love my little sisters
And my brothers every day;
But I seem to love them better
In the merry month of May."

THE WAKE-UP STORY

PART I

The sun was up and the cool morning breeze was blowing.

Little Dog Tray was up too. He had eaten his breakfast, and was all ready for work or for play.

"What shall I do?" said he.

"I cannot work, I cannot play,
Till I've said 'Good morning'
to Baby Ray."

"I know what I will do. I will go and see if Baby Ray is awake yet."

So little Dog Tray went trot, trot! trot, trot! up the stairs to Baby Ray's little bedroom. There he saw Baby Ray fast asleep in his little white crib.

Quietly, very quietly, little Dog Tray sat down to wait for Baby Ray to wake up.

Little Kitten Fluff and little Kitten Muff were wide awake too. They had not had their breakfast.

“What shall we do?” said little Kitten Muff to little Kitten Fluff.

“We cannot work, we cannot play,
Till we’ve said ‘Good morning’
to Baby Ray.”

Said little Kitten Fluff to little Kitten Muff, “Let us go and see if Baby Ray is awake yet.”

So they went, pit pat, pit pat, up the stairs to Baby Ray’s little bedroom. There they saw Baby Ray fast asleep in his little white crib.

Softly, very softly, little Kitten Muff and little Kitten Fluff sat down on



BABY RAY AND HIS FRIENDS

the floor to wait for Baby Ray to wake up.

Little Bunny Frisk and little Bunny Brisk and little Bunny Whisk were wide awake too.

They had had their breakfast of tender young cabbage leaves.

"What shall we do?" said little Bunny Frisk to little Bunny Brisk and little Bunny Whisk.

"We cannot work, we cannot play,
Till we've said 'Good morning'
to Baby Ray."

"Let us go," said Bunny Whisk,
"and see if Baby Ray is awake yet."

So they went leaping along up the stairs to Baby Ray's little bedroom. There they saw him lying fast asleep in his little white crib.

So Bunny Frisk and Bunny Brisk

and Bunny Whisk sat down, softly, very softly, on the floor, to wait for Baby Ray to wake up.

Goosey Loosey, and her three feathery white sisters were awake too. They had had their breakfast.

“What shall we do?” said Goosey Loosey to her three feathery white sisters.

“We cannot work, we cannot play,
Till we’ve said ‘Good morning’
to Baby Ray.”

So the four feathery white sisters waddled slowly up the stairs to Baby Ray’s bedroom. There they saw him lying fast asleep in his little white crib.

“S, s, s,” said Goosey Loosey, very softly, and they sat down on the floor to wait for Baby Ray to wake up.

Little Peep-peep, and her four little

downy sisters were wide awake too. They had been awake ever since old Mr. Sun first peeped over the top of the hill.

They had not had their breakfast. They were waiting for Baby Ray to come and feed them. They knew he liked to feed them little bits of bread from his own slice.

“What shall we do?” said little Peep-peep.

“We cannot work, we cannot play,
Till we’ve said ‘Good morning’
to Baby Ray.”

“Let us go and see if he is awake.”

So the five downy sisters went hopping, running, and flying up the stairs to Baby Ray’s little bedroom. There they saw him lying fast asleep in his little white crib.

So there, on one side, sat little Dog Tray; little Kitten Fluff and little Kitten Muff; Bunny Frisk, Bunny Brisk, and Bunny Whisk.

And there, on the other side, sat Goosey Loosey and her three feathery white sisters; and little Peep-peep with her four downy little sisters; all waiting for Baby Ray to get up.

THE WAKE-UP STORY

PART II

And while Baby Ray's friends were waiting and Baby Ray was still asleep, what was Baby Ray's mother doing?

She was as busy as she could be, working for Baby Ray.

First, she went along the orchard



path as far as the old wooden pump,
and said :

“ Good pump, will you give me some
good clear water for the baby’s bath ? ”

And the pump was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard
path

Gave good clear water for the baby’s
bath.

Then she went to the woodpile and
said :

“Good chips, the pump has given me good clear water for dear little Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook the food?”

And the chips were willing.
The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave good clear water for the baby's bath.

And the clean white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook the food.

So Mamma went on until she came to the cow-stable, and then she said:

“Good cow, the pump has given me good clear water; the woodpile has given me clean white chips for Baby Ray; will you give me some warm rich milk?”

And the cow was willing.

Then she went on till she came to
the hen-house, and she said :

“Good Biddy, the pump has given
me good clear water ; the woodpile has
given me clean white chips ; the cow
has given me some warm rich milk ;
will you give me a nice white egg
for Baby Ray’s breakfast ? ”

And the Biddy was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard
path

Gave good clear water for the Baby’s
bath.

The clean white chips from the pile
of wood

Were glad to warm it and cook the
food.

The cow gave milk in the milk-pail
bright.

And the top-knot Biddy an egg new
and white.

Then Mamma went on till she came
to the orchard. Then she said to the
old apple tree:

“Good tree, the pump has given me
water; the woodpile has given me
chips; the cow has given me milk; the
hen has given me a new-laid egg for
dear little Ray; will you give me a
juicy red apple?”

The tree was willing.

So Mamma took the apple, the milk,
the egg, the chips, and the water to
the house.

There was Baby Ray in his night-
gown, with his dog, his kittens, his
bunnies, his geese, and his chicks all
around him, looking out of the window.

She kissed him, and dressed him,

and while she brushed and curled his
soft hair, she told him the “Wake-Up
Story” that I am telling you —

The good old pump by the orchard
path

Gave good clear water for the Baby’s
bath.

The clean white chips from the pile
of wood

Were glad to warm it and cook the
food.

The cōw gave milk in the milk-pail
bright ;

The top-knot Biddy an egg new and
white ;

And the tree gave an apple so juicy
and red,

For dear little Ray who was just out
of bed.

TEN LITTLE PUMPKINS

Ten little pumpkins sitting on a vine;
Through the fence a cow's head came,
— then there were nine.

Nine little pumpkins growing near the
gate;
Over one a wagon rolled, — then there
were eight.

Eight little pumpkins growing round
and even;
Baby thought he'd found a ball, — then
there were seven.

Seven little pumpkins with the tall
weeds mix;
Along came the gardener's hoe, — then
there were six.

Six little pumpkins left to grow and
thrive;
On one the pony stepped,—then there
were five.

Five little pumpkins, where ten grew
before;
One withered in the sun,—then there
were four.

Four bouncing pumpkins yellow as
could be;
Johnny made a lantern,—then there
were three.

Three yellow pumpkins; “Here” said
little Sue,
“Make me a lantern, please,”—then
there were two.



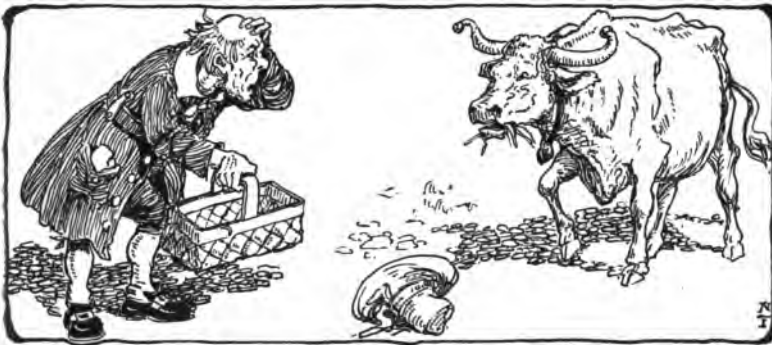
JOHNNY MADE A LANTERN

Two yellow pumpkins ripened in the
sun ;

Aunt Mary took one home, — then
there was one.

One big pumpkin, largest of the many,
Robbie found for Grandma, — then there
wasn't any.

— NINETTE M. LOWATER.



There was once an old man who said,
“How

Shall I manage to carry this cow?

For if I should ask it

To get in my basket,

’Twould make such a terrible row.”



JOHNNY-CAKE

PART I

Once upon a time, a little old man lived with his little old wife, in a little old house by the roadside.

Now this little old man and this little old woman were often sad and lonely because they had no little boy to keep them company and to make the little old house cheerful and gay.

One day, the little old woman was making a Johnny-cake, and she thought to herself: "I will make a great big Johnny-cake boy to-day. He will be better than no boy at all." And so she did.

First she made his body. Then she made his head. Then she made his arms, and his hands, his legs, and his feet. And she made him so well that you would have thought he was a real live boy. And maybe he was.

"How fine he looks!" said the little old woman to herself. "I'll just make him some clothes, and my old man will think he is a real live boy."

So she made him a fine red cap. Well, the old woman put the fine red cap on the Johnny-cake boy's head. And then she made him a fine red coat,

and a pair of blue trousers, and a pair of fine red shoes.

When he was all ready, the old woman put the Johnny-cake boy into the oven to bake.

When Johnny-cake was done, the old woman took him out to look at him.

"How fine he looks!" she said aloud.
"It would be a great pity to eat him."

"Eat me, eat *me!*" screamed the Johnny-cake boy. "Nobody shall eat *me!*" And he sprang up and jumped down upon the floor, and ran out of the door, and began to run down the road as fast as he could clip it.

The old woman ran after him, calling out: "Oh, Johnny-cake, come back! Johnny-cake, come back!"

Now the little old man was weeding

the garden, by the side of the road. And when he saw Johnny-cake running away and the little old woman running after him, he threw down his hoe and joined in the chase.

But Johnny-cake ran so fast that he was soon out of sight, and the little old man and the little old woman gave up chasing him and went slowly and sadly back to their little old house.

JOHNNY-CAKE

PART II

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to two mowers who were mowing in a field beside the road.

And the mowers looked up and saw Johnny-cake, and called out, "Oh, Johnny-cake, why are you running so



fast, and where are you going? Stop a minute, stop a minute; we want to eat you!"

"Eat *me*, eat **ME**!" cried Johnny-cake. "Nobody shall eat *me*! I've outrun an old man and an old woman, and I can outrun you, I can, I can."

"You can, can you?" cried the mowers. "We'll see about that!" And they threw down their scythes

and ran after Johnny-cake. But they couldn't catch up with him, and soon they sat down by the roadside to rest.

On ran Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to two ditch-diggers, who were digging a ditch by the roadside.

And the ditch-diggers looked up and saw Johnny-cake and called out: "Oh, Johnny-cake, Johnny-cake, why are you running so fast and where are you going? Stop a minute, stop a minute; we want to eat you."

"Eat *me*, eat **ME**!" cried Johnny-cake. "Nobody shall eat *me*! I've outrun an old man and an old woman and two mowers, and I can outrun you, I can, I can."

"You can, can you?" cried the ditch-diggers. "We'll see about that!" And they threw down their shovels

and ran after Johnny-cake. But they couldn't catch up with him, and soon they sat down by the roadside to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a bear. And the bear looked up and saw Johnny-cake and asked: "Oh, Johnny-cake, Johnny-cake, why are you running so fast and where are you going? Stop a minute, stop a minute; I want to eat you."

"Eat *me*, eat ME!" cried Johnny-cake. "Nobody shall eat *me*! I've outrun an old man, an old woman, two mowers, two ditch-diggers, and I can outrun you, I can, I can."

"You can, can you?" snarled the bear. "I'll see about that."

And he jumped up and ran after Johnny-cake as fast as his legs could carry him. But he couldn't catch up

with him. So he stopped and lay down by the roadside to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a wolf, who looked up and seeing Johnny-cake said: "Oh, Johnny-cake, Johnny-cake, why are you running so fast and where are you going? Stop a minute, stop a minute; I want to eat you."

"Eat *me*, eat ME!" cried Johnny-cake. "Nobody shall eat *me*! I've outrun an old man, an old woman, two mowers, two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and I can outrun you, I can, I can."

"You can, can you?" snapped the wolf. "I'll see about that." And he galloped after Johnny-cake. But he couldn't catch up with him. So he sat down by the roadside to rest.



JOHNNY-CAKE

PART III

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a fox who was quietly lying in the corner of a fence. The fox looked up and saw Johnny-cake, and cried out in a sharp voice, without getting up:

“Oh, Johnny-cake, Johnny-cake, why are you running so fast and where are

you going? Stop a minute, stop a minute; I want to eat you."

"Eat *me*, eat ME!" cried Johnny-cake. "Nobody shall eat *me*! I've outrun an old man, an old woman, two mowers, two ditch-diggers, a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you, I can, I can."

The fox turned his head a little to one side, and said quietly: "I can't quite hear you, Johnny-cake. Please come a little closer."

Johnny-cake stopped for the first time. He went a little closer, and cried out in a very loud voice: "*Nobody shall eat me. I've outrun an old man, an old woman, two mowers, two ditch-diggers, a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you, I can, I can.*"

"I can't quite hear you. Come a

little closer," said the fox. And he put one paw behind his ear and stretched out his neck towards Johnny-cake.

So Johnny-cake came closer and screamed out: "I SAID, NOBODY SHALL EAT ME. I'VE OUTRUN AN OLD MAN, AN OLD WOMAN, TWO MOWERS, TWO DITCH-DIGGERS, A BEAR, AND A WOLF, AND I CAN OUTRUN YOU, I CAN, I CAN."

"You can, can you?" yelped the fox, and quick as a wink he snapped up Johnny-cake with his sharp teeth.

That was the end of Johnny-cake, and so this is the end of my story.



THE GREAT BROWN HOUSE

To the great brown house, where the
flowerets live

Came the rain with its tap! tap! tap!
And whispered, "Violet, Snowdrop, and
Rose,

Your pretty eyes you must now uncloze
From your long, long winter's nap!"

Said the rain with its tap! tap! tap!

From the doors they peeped, with a
timid grace,

Just to answer this tap! tap! tap!

The snowdrop bowed with a sweet
"Good day";

Then all came nodding their heads so
gay,

And they said, "We have had our nap;
Thank you, rain, for your tap! tap! tap!"



LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS HATCHET

PART I

G. W. Oh father, I am so glad you've come home. Have you brought a hatchet for me?

Mr. W. Yes, my son. Here it is.

G. W. Look, mother, look! Isn't it a fine one? And see, the head of it

is all painted red. What a fine handle it has! And how sharp it is!

Mrs. W. Yes, my son, it is a very fine hatchet. Have you thanked your father for it yet?

G. W. Thank you, father, thank you for the nice hatchet. I must try it right away.

Mr. W. Very well, try it. There is plenty of wood on the woodpile.

LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS HATCHET

PART II

G. W. Chop, chop, choppity, chop!

Chop, chop, choppity, chop!

That's a fine hatchet. It's very sharp. But this wood is dry and hard. I don't like to chop hard wood. I'd rather cut down trees. There's a nice

little tree down at the other end of the garden. I'll go down there.

G. W. Ha, this is a fine tree! It's just right for me to chop with my hatchet.

Chop, chop, choppity, chop!

Chop, chop, choppity, chop!

There, that's a good job. Soon I can cut down big trees like the men.

I think I've chopped enough for this time. It's about supper time anyway. So I'll put up my hatchet where I can find it in the morning.

LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS HATCHET

PART III

Mr. W. Just look at that! Some scamp has been here and cut down my cherry tree; the one I had brought

from England, too. Not another one like it in this country. Well, I'll have no English cherries now.

I wonder if it was that scamp, young Sambo! If it was, I'll teach him to let my cherry trees alone. I'll just cut a switch, and then I'll go and look for him.

There comes George now. I'll ask him about it.

LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS HATCHET

PART IV

G. W. Good morning, father.

Mr. W. Good morning, my son. I see that you have your new hatchet in your hand. I find that some one has cut down my young cherry tree. Do you know anything about it?



G. W. Yes, father. I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.

Mr. W. My dear boy, I am glad that you would not tell a lie. I was vexed about the cherry tree, for I thought a great deal of it; but I cannot be angry with my son when he speaks the truth so bravely. I'd rather lose a thousand cherry trees than have you tell a lie.



THE TURTLE, THE LION, AND THE SNAKE

PART I

Once upon a time Tawny Mane, the lion, met Old Hardshell, the turtle.

“How do you do,” said he to the turtle. “I am very glad to meet you to-day. I have caught and eaten every animal in this great forest, except you and Scaly Tail, the snake.

“I am very hungry. I have hunted all this week for Scaly Tail, but I have not been able to find him. I must have some fresh meat for my dinner, and I have heard say that turtle is very good eating.”

“Of course,” replied the turtle, “you may eat me. But you will find me a pretty hard nut to crack. Don’t you think you had better have snake for your dinner?”

“Well,” replied Tawny Mane, “I don’t know. I think I would rather have Scaly Tail, the snake, than you. I’ll tell you what I’ll do. If you’ll catch him for me, I’ll let you off this time.”

“Thank you,” replied Old Hardshell, “I’ll do it. Come back here to-morrow about noon, and you will find him.”

THE TURTLE, THE LION, AND THE SNAKE

PART II

So the turtle began to search through the forest for Scaly Tail, the snake. By and by he found him.

"How do you do?" said Old Hard-shell to the snake.

"Oh, I'm very well," replied Scaly Tail, "and I am very glad to meet you just now. I have killed and eaten every animal in this great forest, except you and Tawny Mane, the lion. I have hunted for him a long time, but I cannot find him. I think I shall have to dine on turtle to-day."

"Well," replied the turtle, "you may try it if you want to. But you will find me a very hard nut to crack."

Don't you think you had better eat lion meat for your dinner?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the snake; "I would rather have the lion for dinner, but I cannot find him. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll catch Tawny Mane for me, I'll let you off this time."

"All right," replied the turtle, "I'll do it. Come to the great tree in the middle of the forest a little before noon to-morrow, and you'll find him."

"I'll be there," replied the snake.

So the turtle went back to the middle of the forest, and there he dug a deep, deep pit in the bushes. Over the top he put some sticks, and over them some grass and leaves.



THE TURTLE, THE LION, AND THE SNAKE

PART III

The next day Scaly Tail came crawling along to the great tree in the middle of the forest. There he met the turtle.

"Where is the lion?" he asked.

"Sh, sh, sh," said Old Hardshell;
"don't speak, the lion is coming. Run

over there and hide in the bushes.”

The snake crawled into the bushes ;
crash ! he fell into the pit.

“Sh, sh, keep still,” said the turtle ;
“Tawny Mane is coming, and he will
hear you. You are in a safe place.”

Soon the lion came leaping over the
the grass.

“Where,” said he, “is the snake you
said you would catch for me ?”

“Sh, sh, sh,” said the turtle, “don’t
make a noise. Run over there to the
bushes and hide ; you will soon see the
snake.”

So the lion leaped over into the
bushes, and he, too, fell into the deep
pit.

The snake said, “What’s that ?”

The lion said, “What’s this ?”

But the turtle said : “Ha, ha ! Ho, ho !

Now, you wicked beasts, I have you both in the pit. Make the best of it; you can't get out."

So the two fought until the lion killed the snake, and the snake killed the lion.

Then the turtle threw bushes over the pit, and lived happily ever after.

JACK AND HIS FIVE FRIENDS

PART I

Once upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack.

His mother and his father were dead, and he had no home.

So one morning he started out to seek his fortune.

He had not gone very far before he met a cat.



"Where are you going, Jack?" said the cat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?" said the cat; "perhaps I can help."

"Come along," said Jack; "the more the merrier."

So Jack and his new friend went along the road together.

Soon they met a dog.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the dog.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?" said the dog; "maybe I can help."

"To be sure," said Jack; "the more the merrier."

So Jack and his two friends went along the road together.

As they were passing a hill they saw a goat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the goat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?" said the goat; "I think I could help."

"Of course," said Jack; "the more the merrier."

So Jack and his three friends went along the road together.

As they were crossing a field they saw an ox.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the ox.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?" said the ox; "I might be of some help."

"Certainly," said Jack; "the more the merrier."

So Jack and his four friends went along the road together.

As they were passing a farm-house they met a rooster.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the rooster.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?" said the rooster; "I might help a little."

"Yes, indeed," said Jack; "the more the merrier."

So Jack and his five friends walked on together.

JACK AND HIS FIVE FRIENDS

PART II

As it began to get dark, the rooster said: "It is past my bedtime. Let us stop for the night."

"Very well," said Jack, "we will stop at the next house."

Before long they came to a house.

It was a big house with many windows. Every window but one was dark.

"Stay here," said Jack, "and keep very still, while I go and look in at that window."

So they kept very still while Jack crept up to the window and looked in.

There he saw some robbers counting money.

Then he went back to his friends and said:

“Come with me, and when I give the word, let each of you make all the noise he can.”

So he led them up to the window. When they were all ready, Jack gave the word and they all began to make all the noise they could.

The cat mewed, and the dog barked, and the goat bleated, and the ox bel-
lowed, and the rooster crowed.

When the robbers heard that dreadful noise, they were so scared that they ran away as fast as they could.

Then Jack and his friends went into the house and made themselves at home.



JACK AND HIS FIVE FRIENDS

PART III

The robbers had left all of the money behind. Jack was afraid that they might come back for it.

So when it was time to go to bed, he put the cat in the rocking chair and the dog under the table. Then he put the goat upstairs and the ox

down in the cellar. The rooster flew up on a beam, and Jack went to bed.

Sure enough, the robbers did come back after their money.

When the house was all dark, they sent one of the robbers in to get it.

He crept into the house very slowly and very quietly; but he came out again in no time, and ran back to his friends as fast as his legs could carry him.

"What is the matter?" said they; "where is the money?"

"Wait until you hear my story," said the frightened robber.

And this is what he told:

"I crept up to the house very slowly and quietly, and went in. In the dark I stumbled over the rocking chair, and there was an old woman knitting,

and she stuck her knitting needles into me."

That was the cat, you know.

"Then I went to the table to get the money, and there was a shoemaker under the table, and he stuck his awl into me."

That was the dog, you know.

"I started to go upstairs, and there was a man up there who knocked me down with a club."

That was the goat, you know.

"I started to go down cellar, and there was another man down there, and he knocked me down with his ax."

That was the ox, you know.

"But I shouldn't have minded all that, if it had not been for a little fellow on top of the house who kept calling out, 'Chuck him up to me-e.'"

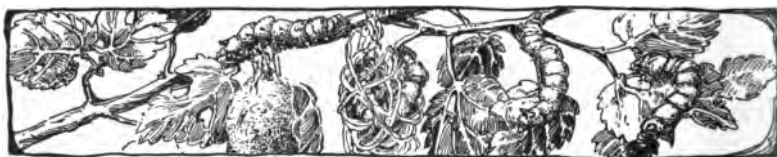
Of course that was the cock-a-doodle-doo.

When they heard this, none of the other robbers dared to go into the house after the money. So they went off and never came back any more.

Jack tried to find the owner of the money. But no owner could be found.

So the money was Jack's.

And that is the way Jack's five friends helped him find his fortune.



THE SILKWORM

Here's a busy little spinner,
Working hard to earn her dinner ;
I am sure she never guesses,
What becomes of all her dresses.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand,
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating —
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



BILLY BOY'S COAT

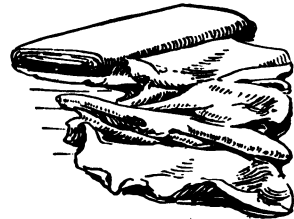
This is the coat,
That Billy Boy wears,
To keep him warm in the winter.



This is the tailor,
That made the coat,
That Billy Boy wears,
To keep him warm in the winter.



This is the cloth,
That the tailor used,
To make the coat,
That Billy Boy wears,
To keep him warm in the winter.



This is the weaver,
That wove the cloth,
That the tailor used,
To make the coat,
That Billy Boy wears,
To keep him warm in the winter.



This is the spinner,
That spun the thread,
To make the cloth,
That the tailor used,
To make the coat,
That Billy Boy wears,
To keep him warm in the winter.



This is the wool,
That the spinner used,
To spin the thread,
That made the cloth,
That the tailor used,



To make the coat,
That Billy Boy wears,
To keep him warm in the winter.

This is the sheep,
That gave the wool,
To make the thread,
That the spinner spun,
To make the cloth,
That the tailor used,
To make the coat,
That Billy Boy wears,
To keep him warm in the winter.



This is Billy Boy,
Who tended the sheep,
That gave the wool,
To make the thread,
That the spinner spun,
To make the cloth,

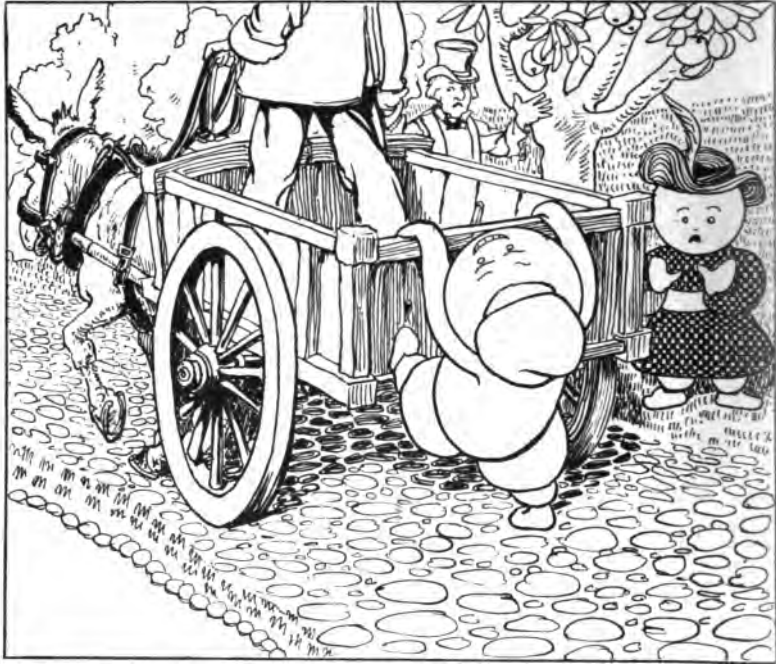


That the tailor used,
To make the coat,
That Billy Boy wears,
To keep him warm in the winter.



THE OLD MAN AND THE BEE

There was an old man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee ;
When they said, " Does it buzz ? "
He replied, " Yes, it does !
It's a regular brute of a bee ! "



STEALING RIDES

I thought I saw a little Goop
Who hung behind a cart;
I looked again. He'd fallen off!
It gave me *such* a start.
"If he were killed, some day," I said,
" 'Twould break his mother's heart."

— GELETT BURGESS.



THE CROW AND THE CHIPMUNK

AN INDIAN STORY

Some ducks that were swimming in the pond caught sight of a crow in the air above them.

At once they began to mock him, calling out: "See him, the black one! He eats dead things. Shame! Shame!"

Now the crow was very much vexed at this, and flying across the pond, alighted on the side of a steep hill.

Looking about him he saw a chipmunk's hole.

"Ah!" said he, "I'll show them that I do not always eat dead things. I'll catch that chipmunk and eat him."

. Soon the chipmunk came home and saw the crow standing before his door, so the chipmunk said politely: "Kindly stand aside, sir. I wish to enter my house."

"Oh, no," said the crow, "I shall not stand aside. I am going to kill you and eat you. Those ducks down there mocked at me because I eat dead things, and I am going to show them that I do not."

"All right," answered the chipmunk, "but pray let me see you dance before I die.

"I have heard that you are a very fine dancer.

"I will sing, and you can dance. After you have danced, then you can eat me."

This pleased the crow so much that he agreed to dance.

So the chipmunk began to sing.

"Oh, Mr. Crow, how well you dance!
Oh, Mr. Crow, how well you dance!"

After a while they stopped to rest, and the chipmunk said: "I am very much pleased with your dancing. Now I will sing just once more, and you shut your eyes, and dance your best. You can kill me and eat me just as well afterward."

The chipmunk began to sing, and the silly crow shut his eyes and began to dance.

"Oh, Mr. Crow," sang the chipmunk, "what a fine dancer you are! Oh, Mr. Crow, what a silly fool you are!" And with that he made a quick run and was safe in his hole.

As soon as he was safe, he turned about and put out the tip of his nose.

"Oh, Mr. Crow," said he, "how funny you looked while you were dancing. I could hardly keep from laughing. Now just look at me. See how fat I am! Don't you wish you could eat me!"

The silly crow was in a great rage and made a dash at the chipmunk's nose. But the chipmunk easily escaped him and called out from his hole:

"Oh, no, you silly thing, you can't eat me. You can't get in here."

And the crow, seeing that he could not get at the chipmunk, flew away in a great rage.



THE OLD MAN AND THE COW

There was an old man who said, "How
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?

I will sit on this stile,

And continue to smile,

Which may soften the heart of that
cow."

THE LAMBIKIN

PART I

Once upon a time there was a teeny, tiny Lambikin, who frisked about on his little shaky legs, and had a fine time all by himself.

One day Lambikin set off to visit his granny, and as he skipped along he kept jumping for joy to think of all the good things to eat that he would get from her.

Now as Lambikin went skipping gayly along he met a jackal, who looked at the tender young morsel, and said:

“Lambikin, Lambikin, I’m going to eat you.”

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:



THE LAMBIKIN AND THE TIGER

“To granny’s house I go,
Where I shall bigger grow,
Then you may eat me so.”



The jackal thought Lambikin would be better if there was more of him, so he said, “Very well, pass on.”

By and by Lambikin met a tiger, and the tiger saw Lambikin and thought how good a little fresh lamb would taste, so he said:

“Lambikin, Lambikin, I’m going to eat you.”

But the Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

“To granny’s house I go,
Where I shall bigger grow,
Then you may eat me so.”

The tiger thought Lambikin would be better if he was bigger, so he let him pass.

And by and by he met a lion, and then he met a dog and an eagle. And each of these, when he saw the tender little morsel, said:

“Lambikin, Lambikin, I’m going to eat you.”

But to each of them Lambikin replied with a little frisk:

“To granny’s house I go,
Where I shall bigger grow,
Then you may eat me so.”



THE LAMBIKIN

PART II

At last he reached his granny’s house and said, all in a great hurry:

“Granny dear, I have promised to grow bigger; so as people ought to keep their promises, please put me into the corn bin at once.”

So his granny said he was a good boy and put him into the corn bin.

And there the little Lambikin stayed for seven days, and ate and ate, until he could scarcely waddle.

Then his granny said he was big enough for anything and must go home.

But the cunning little Lambikin said :

“That will never do, for some animal will be sure to eat me if I go back so big and plump and tender.

“I will tell you what you must do,” said the cunning little Lambikin.

“You must make a little drumikin out of the skin of my little brother who died, and then I can sit inside and trundle along nicely, for I am as tight as a drum myself.”

So his granny made a nice little

drumikin out of his brother's skin, with the wool inside. And Lambikin curled himself up snug and warm in the middle, and trundled gayly away.

THE LAMBIKIN

PART III

Soon he met with the eagle who called out:

“Drumikin, Drumikin,
Have you seen Lambikin?”

And the cunning little Lambikin, curled up in his warm nest, replied:



“Fallen into the fire,
And so will you.
On, little Drumikin.
Tum-pa, tum-too.”



“Too bad! too bad!” the eagle replied, thinking sadly of the tender morsel he had let slip.

Meanwhile Lambikin trundled along,
laughing to himself and singing:

“Tum-pa, tum-too,
Tum-pa, tum-too.”

Every animal and bird he met
asked him the same question:

“Drumikin, Drumikin,
Have you seen Lambikin?”

And to each of them the little sly-
boots replied:



“Fallen into the fire,
And so will you.
On, little Drumikin.
Tum-pa, tum-too,
Tum-pa, tum-too.”



And they all sighed to think of the
tender little morsel they had let slip.

At last the Lambikin came to the
jackal. For all his sorry looks, he

was as sharp as a needle ; and he, too,
called out :

“ Drumikin, Drumikin,
Have you seen Lambikin ? ”

And Lambikin, curled up in his snug
little nest, replied gayly :



“ Fallen into the fire,
And so will you.
On, little Drumikin,
Tum-pa, tum-too.”



But he never got any further, for the
jackal knew his voice at once, and
cried :

“ Hello ! you have turned yourself
inside out, have you ? Just you come
out of that.”

And he tore open Drumikin and
gobbled up Lambikin.



THE WONDERFUL LITTLE BAG .

Once upon a time there was a young man who was very poor. He went from place to place trying to earn a living. But the best he could do, he could hardly earn enough to buy food.

One day he sat by the side of a wood,

wondering what he would do next.

“What shall I do?” he sighed; “I am almost starved. Soon I shall not be able to work. What will become of me then?”

Just then he looked around and saw a dwarf standing beside him.

“I have heard what you said,” said the dwarf, “and I am sorry for you. Here is a bag. In it you will find bread and cheese and wine. Take it, and eat all you want.

“When you are hungry, you will never find the bag empty. But remember this: you must always share with the needy. If any one asks you for food, do not fail to give it to him. There will be enough for both.”

The young man took the bag and opened it and ate till he was no longer

hungry. When he went to thank the dwarf, he was gone.

The young man now felt sure of enough to eat and lived in an idle, lazy way without doing much work.

One day as he was eating, a feeble old man came up and asked for a share of his food.

“Be off with you,” said the young man; “I have nothing to give you.”

At once the old man began to change. He grew smaller and smaller until he became the dwarf who had given the bag to the young man.

“You are a wicked, selfish man,” said the dwarf. “You do not deserve that any one should help you.”

Before the young man could get over his surprise, the dwarf seized the bag and vanished from his sight.



OLD DOG TRAY

Once upon a time there was an old dog by the name of Tray. He was a good, kind old dog. He never snarled and snapped as some dogs do. He minded his own business. All the people of the village liked old Tray.

The other dogs liked him, too. When two other dogs got into a fight, old Tray would go and part them. He would box the ears of first one and then the other, and that would stop the fight.

One day a strange dog moved into the neighborhood. His name was Snap. He was a fine-looking dog, but very quarrelsome. He didn't like to stay at home quietly, as old Tray did. He liked to go about from house to house and pick quarrels with other dogs.

One evening Snap invited old Tray to go with him to visit the dogs in another village. Old Tray thought there could be no harm in that, so he went with him.

When they got to the village, the other dogs came out to see who they

were. Snap at once began to growl and snarl and show his teeth. Of course the other dogs did the same.

Soon there was a big fight. The dogs of the village sprang upon Snap and Tray and gave them a sound beating.

Poor old Tray said to the dogs: "Why do you bite me? I have not done anything to you."

"That does not matter," said they; "you are with this quarrelsome fellow, and dogs are known by the company they keep."

In spite of all they could do, Snap and Tray were soundly beaten and driven out of the village.

Old Tray said, "After this, I shall know enough to keep out of bad company."



THE MOUSE-GIRL

Once upon a time there was a wizard who could change the shape of things at his will.

One day as the wizard was walking through the meadow, a hawk, seeing a mouse, flew down to catch it. But the mouse saw the wizard and ran to him for help.

The wizard, taking pity upon the poor mouse, changed it into a young girl.

The mouse-girl was very pretty, and when she was grown up, the wizard said to her :

“My daughter, it is time for you to marry. What sort of husband would you like ?”

“I should like for a husband,” replied the mouse-girl, “the one who is the strongest in all the world.”

“Perhaps you would like the fire,” said the wizard. And he went to the fire and said:

“Fire, fire, my daughter wishes to marry the strongest in all the world. Are you the strongest ?”

“I am not,” replied the fire. “The water can quench me.”

So the wizard went to the water and said:

“Water, water, my daughter wishes to marry the strongest in all the world. Are you the strongest?”

“I am not the strongest,” replied the water. “The sun can dry me up.”

Then the wizard went to the sun and said:

“Sun, sun, my daughter wishes to marry the strongest in all the world. Are you the strongest?”

But the sun said: “I am not the strongest. The cloud can hide me.”

So the wizard went to the cloud and said:

“Cloud, cloud, my daughter wishes to marry the strongest in all the world. Are you the strongest?”

But the cloud said: “I am not the

strongest. The wind can blow me away."

So the wizard went to the wind and said :

" Wind, wind, my daughter wishes to marry the strongest in all the world. Are you the strongest? "

But the wind said, " I am not the strongest. The mountain can stop me."

So the wizard went to the mountain and said :

" Mountain, mountain, my daughter wishes to marry the strongest in all the world. Are you the strongest? "

But the mountain said: " I am not the strongest. The rat can dig a hole in me."

So the wizard went to the rat and said:

" Rat, rat, my daughter wishes to

marry the strongest. The mountain says you are stronger than he. Will you marry my daughter ? ”

“How can your daughter become my wife ? ” asked the rat. “The door to my house is so narrow that she could never get through it.”

Then the wizard said to the mouse-girl: “This rat seems to be the strongest. Do you wish to marry him ? ”

“I should be willing to do so,” replied the silly mouse-girl, “if I could get into his house.”

Hearing this, the wizard waved his hands and said some strange words.

At once, the girl became a mouse again.

So the rat and the mouse were married and lived happily ever after.

THE TURTLE AND THE WOLF

AN INDIAN STORY

PART I

A hungry, long-legged wolf once met a slow-going turtle.

"Brother turtle," said the wolf, "I am going to have turtle for dinner. Prepare to be eaten."

The turtle replied: "Oh, don't eat me to-day, brother wolf. Give me one chance for my life."

"Well," said the wolf, "I don't mind giving you one chance."

"Very well," said the turtle, "we will run a race. If I win, I keep my life. If you win, you may eat me and all my tribe."

"I agree," said the wolf.



THE RACE

So the turtle went home and called all his friends.

"Friends," said he, "I am going to run a race with the wolf to-morrow. The course will be from the edge of the pond to the elm tree and back. If I win, we shall all be safe. If he wins, he is to eat me and all my tribe."

"Oh, oh, oh," groaned the rest of the turtles; "win! of course the wolf will win. We shall all be eaten."

"Not if you help me as friends should," said the turtle who had met the wolf. "Brother wolf is not very wise. All turtles look alike to him. One of you who is just my size must go and hide near the foot of the elm tree. Then when you see the wolf coming, you must give three jumps

to show that you are ahead. I will stay near the home stake, and jump in ahead of him when he comes back."

"Ha, ha, ho, ho!" laughed the other turtles. "It shall be done."

THE TURTLE AND THE WOLF

PART II

When the race came off, all the turtle tribe were there to see it.

The wolf and the turtle started together.

The long-legged wolf went like the wind, but the turtle made only three jumps and then hid in the grass.

The wolf thought he had left the turtle far behind. But as he came near the elm tree, there was the turtle ahead of him.

Three leaps the turtle made, and beat the wolf to the turning stake.

"Oh, this is very strange," said the wolf. "I did not see you pass me; but I will beat you home."

But when he came near the home stake, there was the turtle ahead of him.

Three leaps the turtle made and beat the wolf to the goal.

Then all the slow-going turtle tribe laughed: "Ha, ha, ho, ho! Short legs has beaten long legs! The wolf cannot eat us now. Ha, ha, ho, ho!"

But the hungry, long-legged wolf had nothing to say. He looked the turtles over. Then he tucked his tail between his legs and slunk away in disgust.



THE FIRST WOODPECKER

Once upon a time there was an odd little old lady, who lived all alone on the top of a high hill.

She wore a black dress and an odd little red bonnet. Over her dress she wore a large white apron, tied behind in a big bow.

This odd little old lady had lived alone so long that she had become very selfish. She thought only of herself.

One morning a poor old beggar man came to her door. The odd little old woman was baking cakes.

When the old beggar man saw her

cakes, he said: "I am very hungry. Please, good woman, give me a cake."

"Have you any money?" asked the odd little old woman.

"No," replied the beggar man, "I have no money, but I can pay you for the cake. You shall have the first wish that you make."

The old woman looked at the cake she was baking. She thought, "These cakes are too big to give away." So she took a little piece of dough and put it in the oven.

When this little cake was baked, she thought, "This, too, is too large for a beggar." So she baked a smaller one. This one, also, seemed too big to give away. So she made several others, each one smaller than the one before it.

At last, when she had made the smallest one she could, she thought that it, too, was too big to give to a beggar. So she went to the cupboard, and finding there a little piece of dry crust, gave that to the beggar man.

When the old beggar man had gone away, the odd little old woman began to feel ashamed that she had been so selfish.

"I wish I were a bird," she said to herself; "I would fly after him and give him the very biggest of my cakes."

While she was speaking, she began to grow smaller and smaller; and her clothes changed to feathers. Her red bonnet changed to red feathers, her black dress to black feathers, and her white apron to white feathers.

She had become a red-headed woodpecker.

If you will look at a red-headed woodpecker, you will see the odd little old woman's red bonnet, her black dress, and her white apron, with its white bow behind.



FROG PAPA

Said Frog Papa to Frog Mamma,
"Where is our little daughter?"

Said Frog Mamma to Frog Papa,
"She's underneath the water."

Then down the anxious father went
And there, indeed, he found her,
A-tickling tadpoles till they kicked
Their tails off all around her.

— JOHN B. TABB.



POLITENESS

On Christmas eve I say "Good-night,"
And go to bed by candle-light,
And when I pass the nursery door,
I step so softly on the floor,
I do not make a bit of sound,
Because dear Santa might be 'round!
If he came early,—and he might,—
He'd surely think me impolite
If I should peep and watch him while
He chose my presents from the pile.

— G. C. A.

CHRISTMAS SONG

Dear Santa Claus, come,
We've been waiting for you;
Watching and waiting the whole year
through;
We've tried to be gentle and kind and
true,
To deserve all the toys we're expect-
ing from you.

My dolly, I hope, will have golden
hair,
And a face that is beautiful, soft, and
fair;
Her eyes must be very bright and
blue
Like a bit of the sky just peeping
through.

To my brother, I hope you will bring
a sled,
Very large and strong and painted
red.
What fun we shall have riding down
the hill,
Dear dolly and I and brother Will.

THE WE-ENKS

The Indian children were very fond of stories. In the long winter evenings they would gather about the fire in the wigwam, and listen while some old man told tales of the times of long ago.

Many of these stories were fairy tales, and these the children liked best of all.

Some of these tales were about

tiny little fairy men called We-enks. These We-enks, so the Indians said, liked to hide around Indian beds. They were so small that they could hide in the bark of a wigwam. Hundreds of them could live in a rabbit skin and never be seen.

These We-enks were good little men. Each one of them carried a little war club. When an Indian was tired and lay down upon his bed, the We-enks would climb up on his forehead. There they would strike little blows. Tap, tap', tap, tap', would go the little war clubs, and the tired Indian would go to sleep.

When little Indian children were tired and restless, their mothers would call upon the We-enks. The little men would swarm about the heads of

the little ones, and tap them to sleep. When they were asleep, the mothers would say that they had been struck by the We-enks.

—SCHOOLCRAFT (*Adapted*).

THE LITTLE SLEEP FAIRIES

Long, long ago there was a little Indian boy whose name was Nanaboozoo.

His father and his mother were both dead; so little Nanaboozoo lived with his old grandmother.

When the sun went down, the old grandmother put Nanaboozoo into his little Indian cradle and told him to go to sleep. But sometimes little Nanaboozoo tossed and fretted and could not go to sleep.



Then the wrinkled old grandmother
Called upon the tiny We-enks,
Called the tiny Slumber-bringers:
“Come, ye little fairy warriors,
Come from every chink and cranny,
Swarm from out your hiding places,
Come to little Nanaboozoo,
Climb upon his little eyelids,
Clamber on his little forehead,
Tap him gently with your war-clubs,
Strike him slowly as the drummer
Beats upon the sounding war-drum.”

Then the little fairy We-enks,
Tiny little Slumber-bringers,
Came from every crack and cranny,
Swarmed from all their hiding places
As the bees swarm from a beehive ;
Climbed upon the mossy cradle,
Clambered on the sleepless eyelids,
Climbed upon the wakeful forehead
Of the little Nanaboozoo ;
Tapping gently with their war-clubs,
Tapping slowly as the drummer
Taps upon the sounding war-drum.

Then the little Nanaboozoo
Tossed no more within his cradle,
Closed his eyes in restful slumber,
Wept no more with fretful wailing,
Slept through all the gloomy night-
time,
Till the golden sunlight waked him.



FROGS AT SCHOOL

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a shady pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests, all white and clean.

“We must be in time,” said they;
“First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school.”

Master Bull-frog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Also how to leap and dive.

From his seat upon a log
Taught them how to say, "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the stones which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bull-frogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.

Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs;
Teaching them to keep each rule
In the froggies' pleasant school.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

PART I

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl whom everybody loved, but no one loved her so much as her grandmother.

Once her grandmother gave her a little red hood made of satin, and because she looked so well in it, and

would wear nothing else, she was called "Little Red Riding Hood."

One day her mother said to her:

"Come, Little Red Riding Hood, here are some fresh rolls and a jar of butter. Carry them to grandmamma. She is sick and weak; they will do her good.

"Run along before it gets warm, there's a good little girl. But be sure to keep to the path; for if you leave it, you may lose your way, and come to grief.

"When you get to grandmother's house, do not forget to say 'Good morning,' and do not get into any mischief."

"I will do it all nicely," said Little Red Riding Hood and away she started.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

PART II

The grandmother lived on the other side of the wood about a mile from the village.

As Little Red Riding Hood was going through the wood a wolf met her. Little Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked beast he was, and was not afraid of him.

“Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood,” said the wolf.

“Good morning, Mr. Wolf.”

“Where are you going so early, Little Red Riding Hood?” asked the wolf.

“To grandmother’s.”



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF

“What are you carrying under your apron?”

“Rolls and butter. This morning we baked and churned, so my mother is sending something to my poor dear grandmother. She is sick and cannot bake and churn for herself.”

“Where,” asked the wolf, “does your grandmother live?”

“On the other side of the forest,” replied Little Red Riding Hood, “under the three big oak trees.”

The wolf thought to himself: “That young tender thing is a fat bit and will taste better than the old one. I must be cunning and catch both.”

He walked for a little while beside Little Red Riding Hood. Then he said: “Little Red Riding Hood, see the beautiful flowers all around us. Why do you

not look at them? I believe you never hear how sweetly the little birds sing. You go along just as if there were nothing nice out here in the forest."

Little Red Riding Hood lifted her eyes, and when she saw that the forest was full of beautiful flowers, she said to herself:

"If I could only take grandmamma some fresh flowers, it would make her glad. It is early yet; I shall be sure to get there in time."

Then she went out of the path, into the wood, and began to look for flowers. And when she had picked one, she always thought that beyond that there was a prettier one, and ran after it. So she went farther and farther into the wood.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

PART III

But the wolf ran straight on to the house of the grandmother and knocked on the door.

"Who is there?"

"Little Red Riding Hood. I am bringing you some rolls and some butter. Open the door, please."

"I am so weak that I cannot get up," said the grandmother. "Pull the string and the latch will fly up."

The wolf pulled the string and the door flew open, and he went without speaking straight to the bed of the grandmother and swallowed her.

He put on her clothes, and set her cap on his head. Then he lay down on the bed and pulled the curtains together.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

PART IV

Now, Little Red Riding Hood was running about after flowers, and when she had all she could carry, she thought of her grandmother. It took her a long time to find the path.

When she got near her grandmother's

cottage, she was surprised to see that the door stood open, and when she went into the room, she was still more surprised. Everything looked so strange that she said to herself:

"Oh, dear, I feel so anxious and afraid to-day, and I always used to be so glad to come to grand-mamma's."

Then she called out, "Good morning, grandmother." No answer came. Then she went to the bed and pulled the curtains back. There lay the grandmother with her cap pulled down over her face.

"Oh, grandmother," cried the little girl, "what big ears you have!"

"The better to hear with, my dear."

"Oh, grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

"The better to see with, my dear."

"Oh, grandmother, what big arms you have!"

"The better to hug you with, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what a horrible big mouth you have!"

"The better to eat you with!"

Just as he said this, the wolf sprang out of the bed and swallowed poor Little Red Riding Hood.

Now the wolf felt satisfied, so he laid himself in bed again and began to snore very loud.

But just then a hunter passed by the house.

He thought: "How the old lady snores! I must see if something is the matter."

He went into the house, and when

he came to the bed, he saw that the wolf lay in it.

"You here, you old sinner?" said he. "I have looked for you for a long while."

He was going to shoot, when he thought that perhaps the wolf had swallowed the grandmother. So he took the shears and began to cut the sleeping wolf open.

He had made only a few cuts when a little red hood came in sight. And only a few more when a little girl jumped out, and cried:

"Oh, how frightened I was! It was so dark in there."

And in a moment the old grandmother came out too.

Then Little Red Riding Hood brought big stones to fill up the wolf's body.

When he woke up, he was going to spring away, but the stones were so heavy that he sank back and fell dead.

Then all three were happy. The hunter took off the wolf's skin, and went home with it.

The grandmother ate the rolls and butter and grew strong.

But Little Red Riding Hood said: "As long as I live, I will never go out of the path again when my mother tells me not to."

THE RABBITS AND THE CHIPMUNKS

PART I

One fine day in autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Chipmunk were hard at work gathering nuts for their winter store.

While they were at work, Mr. Chip-



munk looked up and saw Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit walking along as if they had not a care in the world.

Mr. Chipmunk said to Mrs. Chipmunk: "Look at those foolish people! Next winter we'll see them begging for something to eat."

Mr. Rabbit wriggled his ears and said to his wife: "How silly those Chipmunks are! They work and work; but they never have any fun. Let's stop and invite them to take a day off and go with us."

So he went over to Mr. Chipmunk, and said: "How do you do to-day?"

Fine weather, isn't it? We're going to have a picnic. Won't you come along? We shall have a fine time."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Chipmunk, "I don't believe we can. We have to get in our nuts. The storeroom isn't more than half full, and we must get in enough to last till spring."

Mr. Rabbit shook his shoulders and wriggled his ears. "Well," said he, "I suppose you know your own business best. As for us, we are going to have a good time."

"What will you do when snow flies?" asked Mrs. Chipmunk.

"Oh, I do not think we shall have any snow for a good while yet. When it does come, we'll manage somehow."

So Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit hopped off to their picnic and had a fine time. They

enjoyed it so much that they stayed for a moonlight dance with their friends and did not get home till the next morning.

THE RABBITS AND THE CHIPMUNKS

PART II

A few days afterward it began to snow. It snowed and it snowed as if it would never stop.

Mr. Chipmunk and his family were as snug as could be in their little underground house. They had nothing to do but to eat the nuts from their storehouse and sleep in the cozy warm beds which they had made during the autumn.

One cold winter's day there came a knock at the door.

"Who is there?" cried Mr. Chip-

munk. He was afraid it might be Mr. Fox, who would like nothing better than a fat chipmunk for dinner.

"It is 'your old friend Rabbit," was the reply. But his voice sounded so weak and squeaky that Mr. Chipmunk hardly knew him.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Please, Mr. Chipmunk, do let me in," replied Mr. Rabbit. "I am nearly dead from cold and hunger."

"I can do nothing for you," said Mr. Chipmunk. "My rooms are too small for you. And as for food, I have only enough for my own family."

"I was friendly to you last autumn," said Mr. Rabbit. "Why aren't you friendly to me now?"

"Oh, yes, I remember," replied Mr. Chipmunk. "You invited me to a



dance. I might invite you to dance now. A lively dance would make you warm. People who dance all summer must pay the piper in winter."

So the hungry Rabbit had to go away. That night as he sat in a thicket, trying to keep warm, Mr. Fox found him.

Mr. Rabbit was so weak and cold that he could not run. In a moment Mr. Fox had him, and that was the end of poor, foolish Mr. Rabbit. What became of Mrs. Rabbit and the children I have never heard.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

Once upon a time there were four little rabbits, and their names were —

Flopsy,
Mopsy,
Cotton-tail,
and Peter.

They lived with their mother in a sand-bank underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

“Now, my dears,” said Mrs. Rabbit, one morning, “you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don’t go into Mr. McGregor’s garden: your father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor. Now run along, and don’t get into mischief. I am going out.”

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket



PETER RABBIT

and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries; but Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

First he ate some lettuce and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; and then feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter,

waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages and the other shoe among the potatoes.

After losing them he ran on four legs, and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him, and rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed — “Kerchoo!” Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants.

The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of run-

ning after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go.

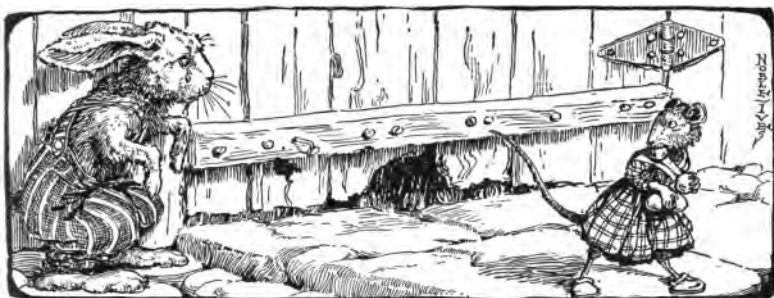
Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going—lippity-lippity—not very fast, and looking around.

He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone door-step, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood.

Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She

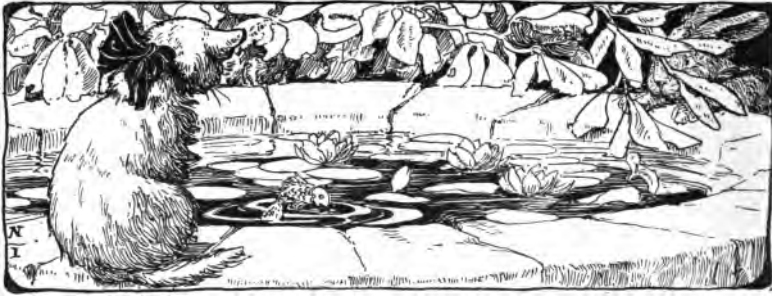


only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans.

A white cat was staring at some gold-fish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive.

Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, Benjamin Bunny.



He went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe — scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttled underneath the bushes.

But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate !

Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight



walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scare-crow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running nor looked behind him till he got home to the big fir tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes.



His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight.

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter! "One tablespoonful to be taken at bed-time."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

—BEATRIX POTTER.

NONSENSE ALPHABET

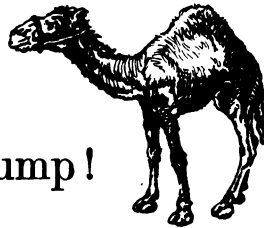
A was an ape
Who stole some white tape,
And tied up his toes
In four beautiful bows.
Funny old ape!



B was a book
With a binding of blue
And pictures and stories
For me and for you.
Nice little book!



C was a camel;
You rode on his hump;
And if you fell off,
You came down with a bump!
What a high camel!



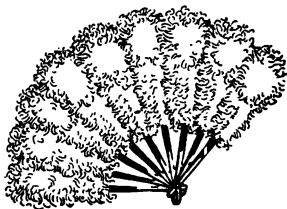
D was a duck
With spots on his back,
Who lived in the water
And always said, "Quack."
Dear little duck!



E was an elephant,
Stately and wise;
He had tusks and a trunk,
And two queer little eyes.
Oh, what blinky small eyes!



F was a fan
Made of beautiful stuff;
And when it was used,
It went puffy-puff-puff!
Nice fluffy fan!



G was a goat
Who was spotted with brown ;
When he did not lie still,
He walked up and down.

Gay little goat !



H was a heron,
Who stood in a stream ;
The length of his neck
And his legs was extreme.
Long-legged heron !



I was an inkstand,
Which stood on a table,
With a nice pen to write with,
When we are able.

Neat little inkstand !



J was a jackdaw
Who hopped up and down
In the principal street
Of a neighboring town.
All through the town!



K was for kingfisher:
Quickly he flew,
So bright and so pretty!—
Green, purple, and blue!
Kingfisher blue!



L was a lily,
So white and so sweet!
To see it and smell it
Was quite a nice treat.
Beautiful lily!



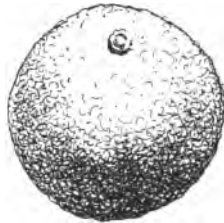
M was a man,
Who walked round and round;
And he wore a long coat
That came down to the ground.
Funny old man!



N was a nut
So smooth and so brown!
And when it was ripe,
It fell tumble-dum-down.
Nice little nut!

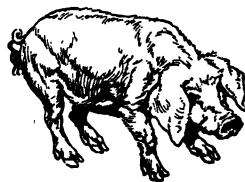


O was an orange
So yellow and round;
When it fell off the tree,
It fell down to the ground.
Down to the ground!



P was a pig,
Who was not very big ·
But his tail was too curly,
And that made him surly.

Cross little pig!



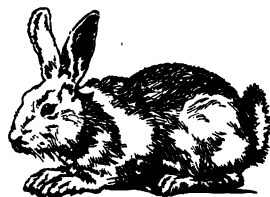
Q was a quail
With a very short tail;
And he fed upon corn
In the evening and morn.

Quaint little quail!



R was a rabbit
Who had a bad habit
Of eating the flowers
In gardens and bowers.

Naughty fat rabbit!



S was a screw
To screw down a box ;
And then it was fastened
Without any locks.

Handy old screw !



T was a turtle,
All yellow and black ;
He crawled slowly away,
And never came back.



Turtle never came back !

U was a unicorn
Who never could bray ;
He wore a sharp horn
By night and by day.

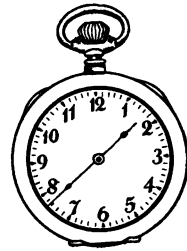
Gay unicorn !



V was a vulture
With a sharp, crooked bill;
He flies very high
And comes down very still.
Vigilant vulture.



W was a watch,
Where, in letters of gold,
The hour of the day
You might always behold.
Wonderful watch!



X was King Xerxes,
Who wore on his head
A mighty large turban,
Green, yellow, and red.
Zealous old Xerxes!



Y was a yak
From the land of Tibet;
Except his white tail,
He was all black as jet.
Useful old yak.



Z was a zebra,
All striped white and black,
And if he were tame,
You could ride on his back.
Pretty striped zebra!



— EDWARD LEAR.

WORD LISTS AND PHONIC EXERCISES¹

I. TOMMY TIT AND PHOEBE BIRD, PART I, PAGES 1-4

1. Preparation : *rattle, Phœbe, scald, corner, death, soup, chair, dish.*

cattle	elephant	all	corn	dead	(soon)	hair	wish
rattle	Phœbe	scald	corner	death	soup	chair	dish

2. Practice and Review : ă.

pan an ă	clam am ă	chat at ă	bad add ă	has as ă
pan nap	bag gab	tan nat	cat tack	cap pack

II. TOMMY TIT AND PHOEBE BIRD, PART II, PAGES 5-9

1. Preparation : *leave, whistle, rise, rose, scare.*

leap	listen		nose	bare
leaf	whistle	wise	rose	care
leave	thistle	rise	those	scare

2. Practice and Review : ă.

send end ă	stem em ă	bell ell ă	best est ă	dead ead ă
ten net	den Ned	bed Deb	let tell	less sell

¹ For methods of using these lists and exercises see *Daily Lesson Plans*.

III. THE FAIRIES' DANCE, AND DIRTY GOOPS,
PAGES 9-11

1. Preparation: *doth, dew, dirty, trowel, bath, fairy.*

dove	new	bird	cow	ask	chair
doth	dew	third	towel	bath	air
come	few	dirty	trowel	path	fairy

2. Practice and Review : ȳ.

spin in ȳ	his is ȳ	pit it ȳ	skill ill ȳ	whisk isk ȳ
spin nips	pill lip	kin nick	tip pit	tin nit

IV. THE SILLY LITTLE LAMP, AND LEFT! RIGHT!
PAGES 11-12

1. Preparation: *lamp, proud, blew, silly, march, soldier.*

clam	mouth	grew	Billy	star	
clamp	cloud	blew	silly	starch	(sōl jer)
lamp	proud	threw	chilly	march	soldier

2. Practice and Review : ȳ.

pond on ȳ	body od ȳ	trot ot ȳ	Tom om ȳ	stop op ȳ
top pot	stop pots	bog gob	dog god	Tom mot

V. THE LITTLE BIRD AND THE BUSH, PARTS I AND II,
PAGES 13-20

1. Preparation: *bush, angry, bear, bow, shoot, quench, hawk, camel.*

put	hang	grow		too	bench	straw	
push	sang	crow	(bare)	toot	quench	raw	Sam
bush	angry	bow	bear	shoot	French	hawk	camel

2. Practice and Review: ŭ.

bug	hundred	plum	under	bud
ug	un	um	un	ud
ŭ	ŭ	ŭ	ŭ	ŭ
but	club	mud	plum	stub
tub	bulk	dumɸ	lump	bust

3. New Phonogram Developed: ʒ = z.

noʒe doʒɪ babieʒ cloʒe goʒɪ Thurʒday ʒ = z

VI. STAR WISHES, THE CLAM AND THE CROW, AND THE
OLD MAN WITH THE NOSE, PAGES 21-24

1. Preparation: *word, whoo, edge, replied, choose, suppose, certainly, wrong, remarkable.*

work			fly	moon	sup	c = s
word	(who)	(ěj)	reply	moose	poʒe	certain
worm	whoo	edge	replied	choose	suppose	certainly
			song	remark		
			wɹong	remarkable		

2. Practice and Review : $a - e = \bar{a}$.

See Daily Lesson Plans, page 182, 3.

at	sham	am	an	slat	add	ă
ate	shame	game	cane	slate	fade	a - e = ā

VII. THE POOR MAN AND THE THIEF, PAGE 25

1. Preparation : *dwelt, early, thief, noise, own.*

well	heard	ie = ee	voice	blow
welt	earn	thief	choice	blown
dwelt	early	grief	noise	own

2. New Phonograms Developed : $air = are, arrow.$

fair	fare	stair	stare	chair	dare	share	narrow
pair	pare	hair	hare	Clair	snare	spare	harrow
air	are	air	are	lair	mare		arrow

VIII. THE SPARROW AND THE CROW, PAGES 26-33

1. Preparation : *agree, pudding, first, currants, though, sure, remarkably, sickle, mow, food, pleasure, bellows.*

agree	though currants	sugar	remark	cattle	know
pudding		sure	remarkable	sick	snow
first		surely	remarkably	sickle	mow
		cool	yellow	pleasure	
		fool	bellow	treasure	
		food	bellows	measure	

2. Practice and Review : *ee = ē, ea = ē.*

Ned	bet	red	fed	fell	met	ě
need	beet	reed	feed	feel	meet	ee = ē
Ned	bet	red	pet	dell	met	ě
knead	beat	read	peat	deal	meat	ea = ē

IX. A MAY SONG, PAGE 34

1. Preparation : *maiden, month, weather, heart.*

sail	wonder	bread	(hart)
mail	money	meadow	heart
maiden	month	weather	hearth

2. Practice and Review : *i - e = ī, ie = ī, igh = ī.*

hid	slid	slim	bid	rid	bit	ī
hide	slide	slime	bide	ride	bite	i - e = ī
die	lie	tie	hie	fie	pie	ie = ī
died	lied	tied				
night	right	tight	slight	bright	fright	igh = ī

X. THE WAKE-UP STORY, PART I, PAGES 35-41

1. Preparation : *breeze, breakfast, quietly, tender, slice, lying.*

breakfast	quiet	breeze	tend	nice	lie
	quietly	squeeze	tender	slice	lying

2. Practice and Review : $o-e=\bar{o}$, $oe=\bar{o}$, $oa=\bar{o}$, $ow=\bar{o}$.

not note	rob robe	rod rode	hop hope	slop slope	\bar{o} $o-e=\bar{o}$
toe	hoe	Joe	floe	roe	$oe=\bar{o}$
got goat	cot coat	rod road	blot bloat	sop soap	\bar{o} $oa=\bar{o}$
know	bow	blow	grow	crow	$ow=\bar{o}$
whisk whiskers	muff muffler	sister blister	tender slender	wake waken	

XI. THE WAKE-UP STORY, PART II, PAGES 41-46

1. Preparation : *busy, orchard, rich, juicy.*

(bīz ī) busy	(or cherd) orchard	rich which	(joos) juice juicy
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2. Practice and Review : $u-e=\bar{u}$, $ue=\bar{u}$, $ew=\bar{u}$.

cub cube	tub tube	cut cute	us use	\bar{u} $u-e=\bar{u}$
hue hew	due dew	cue few	sue new	$ue=\bar{u}$ $ew=\bar{u}$
ripe ripen ripened	jump pump pumpkin	ask bask basket	wag wagon wagoner	cow row plow

XII. TEN LITTLE PUMPKINS, AND THE OLD MAN AND THE BASKET, PAGES 47-49

1. **Preparation:** *withered, gardener, even, thrive, lantern, basket, manage, terrible, row, fence.*

with wither withered	hard garden gardener	eve even evening	three thrive through	(her) lantern
ask task basket	man manage damage	berry merry terrible	cow bow row	face grace fence

2. **Practice and Review:** *short vowels, ful.*

clam glad rattle ă	fence went ten ě	sickle crib rill ĩ	trot pond top õ	must cut up ũ
beauty beautiful	cheer cheerful	wake wakeful	rest restful	play playful

XIII. JOHNNY-CAKE, PAGES 50-60

1. **Preparation:** *company, really, clothes, trousers, pity, sprang, join, mower, minute, scythe, shovel, gallop, stretch, towards.*

come company	rē al re ally	clothe clothes	proud trousers	pit pity	rang sprang	blow mower
(min it) minute	(sith) scythe	shove shovel	shall gallop	catch stretch	(tō erds) towards	noise join

2. Practice and Review : *aw = au = ou = a = ô, ves.*

saw	caught	bought	war	all	corn
hawk	saucer	thought	warm	talk	stork
lawn	naughty	ought	swarm	stalk	short
aw =	au =	ou =	a =	a =	ô
life	wife	knife	wolf	self	shelf
lives	wives	knives	wolves	selves	shelves

XIV. THE GREAT BROWN HOUSE, PAGE 61

1. Preparation : *floweret, whisper, violet, uncloze, winter, grace.*

flower	whiskers	vī o lin	close	win	race
floweret	whisper	violet	uncloze	winter	grace

2. New Phonogram Developed : *a = ǝ.*

trot	chop	fox	body	knot	shod	ǝ
was	want	waddle	squad	what	swallow	
wasp	wander	wallet	watch	squat	wigwam	a = ǝ

3. Begin the study of the " Nonsense Alphabet," pages 155-163.

XV. LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS HATCHET, PAGES 62-66

1. Preparation : *hatchet, paint, handle, rather, cherry, scamp, England, switch, truth, thousand.*

hatch	pain	candle	weather	merry
hatchet	paint	handle	rather	cherry
camp	(England)	witch	true	cloud
scamp	England	switch	truth	thousand

2. New Phonogram Developed : o = ū.

sun	sum	nun	hundred	Bunny
son	some	none	honey	money
won	come	one	love	London
wonder	glove	once	above	Monday
dove	sloven	dun	chunk	shut
doth	slovenly	done	monkey	shove

**XVI. THE TURTLE, THE LION, AND THE SNAKE,
PAGES 67-73**

1. Preparation : *tawny, turtle, except, snake, scaly, course, search, wicked, fought.*

paw	curl	vex	make	ale
lawn	hurt	next	rake	scale
tawny	turtle	except	snake	scaly
four	heard	sickle	bought	
pour	learn	wick	sought	
course	search	wicked	fought	

2. Practice and Review :

dear	raw	loaf	room	sham	tool	reed
read	war	foal	moor	mash	loot	deer

3. New Phonograms Developed : ck = e = k.

Kate	keep	king	kid	kill	k
cat	cap	colt	cup	clap	e = k
tack	pack	duck	Puck	stick	ck = k

**XVII. JACK AND HIS FIVE FRIENDS, AND THE SILK-
WORM, PAGES 73-82**

1. Preparation : *whose, fortune, merrier, cross, count, bleat, dreadful, robber; cellar, enough, needle, earn.*

who	or	merry	soft	bounce	meat
whose	for	merrier	cross	count	seat
whom	fortune	merriest	gone	ground	bleat
dead	rob	c = s	(enŭf)	candle	early
dread	robber	(seller)	enough	needle	earn
dreadful	sob	cellar	rough	fiddle	learn

2. New Phonogram Developed : $\zeta = s$.

certain	cell	cent	cider	cinder	city
certainly	cellar	center	cigar	circle	recite

3. Practice and Review :

teacher	lesson	repeat	arithmetic	subtract	divide
multiply	reading	write	blackboard	add	divisor

XVIII. WHERE GO THE BOATS, PAGE 83

1. Preparation : *either, castle, valley.*

either	listen	shall turkey
neither	castle	valley

2. New Phonogram Developed : $\bar{o}o$

moon	soon	poor	moon
goose	too	room	moose
rooster	tool	groom	coon

**XIX. BILLY BOY'S COAT, AND THE OLD MAN AND
THE BEE, PAGES 84-87**

1. Preparation : *wear, tailor, cloth, weaver, wool, used, horribly, brute, regular.*

bear wear tear	sail sailor tailor	soft broth cloth	leave weave weaver	good wood wool
use used refused	hot horribly horrid	shoot (root) brute	(you) reg u lar	

2. Practice and Review :

weave wove woven	wear wore worn	tear tore torn	steal stole stolen	take took taken	shake shook shaken
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**XX. STEALING RIDES, THE CROW AND THE CHIPMUNK,
AND THE OLD MAN AND THE COW, PAGES 88-93**

1. Preparation : *mock, polite, tender, dance, laugh, escape, continue, such, which, horrible.*

knock mock stock	so polite politely	tend tender sender	ask dance prance	far enough laugh
ape cape escape	con tin ue continual continually	such rich which	horribly horrible horrid	

2. Practice and Review : *ed = ěd, ed = d, ed = t.*

start started	count counted	bleat bleated	mind minded	float floated	tend tended
earn earned	own owned	stumble stumbled	frighten frightened	bellow bellowed	rob robbed
dash dashed	escape escaped	dance danced	mock mocked	cross crossed	toss tossed

XXI. LAMBIKIN, PAGES 94–100

1. Preparation: *jackal, morsel, tiger, eagle, hurry, promise, people, drumikin, trundle, sigh.*

Jack all Jackal	horse morsel	tiger	sight sigh	furry hurry
prömisē	pēople	drüm ĩ kĭn	trundle	eagle

2. Practice and Review :

mistake mistaken	behave behaved	brake brakeman	disgrace disgraceful	explain complain
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3. New Phonogram Developed : *ä as in arm.*

arm armful	star starve	car carpet	scar scarlet	card cardboard
spark sparkle	charm charming	dark darling	mark market	garter garment

XXII. THE WONDERFUL LITTLE BAG, PAGES 101-103

1. Preparation: *idle, lazy, vanish, remember, deserve, dwarf, seize.*

idle	(table)	vanish	(fur)	(her)	warm	
lazy	feeble	remember	surprise	deserve	dwarf	seize

2. Practice and Review :

remember		deserve	vanish	boyish
November	dwarf	reserve	famish	girlish
September	wharf	observe	Spanish	mannish

XXIII. OLD DOG TRAY, PAGES 104-106

1. Preparation: *business, village, neighborhood, quarrelsome, invite.*

(bǐz něs)	manage	neighbor	(kwǒr el)	
business	village	neighborhood	quarrel	invite

2. Practice and Review :

happy	easy	strong	jolly	brave	far
happier	easier	stronger	jollier	braver	farther
happiest	easiest	strongest	jolliest	bravest	farthest

XXIV. THE MOUSE-GIRL, PAGES 107-112

1. Preparation: *wizard, daughter, mountain, narrow.*

(wiz erd)	caught	certain	sparrow
wizard	daughter	mountain	narrow

2. Practice and Review :

fountain	schoolmate	disgrace	finish
captain	roommate	disgust	punish
curtain	playmate	displease	punishment

XXV. THE TURTLE AND THE WOLF, PAGES 112-116

1. Preparation : *prepare, tribe, between, strange.*

2. Practice and Review :

sunrise	forenoon	noon	sunshine	clear
sunset	afternoon	midnight	moonshine	cloudy
daylight	moonbeam	shower	storm	dawn
twilight	rainbow	thunder	lightning	nightfall

**XXVI. THE FIRST WOODPECKER AND FROG PAPA,
PAGES 117-120**

1. Preparation : *bonnet, apron, beggar, dough, oven, several, cupboard, underneath, anxious, tadpole.*

bōnnet	(a prun) apron	beg beggar	though dough	dove even oven
ever several	(kūb erd) cupboard	underneath	(ank shus) anxious	tadpole

2. Practice and Review :

sunflower	pēony	pansy	dandelion	tulip
buttercup	anēmonē	daisy	dogwood	sweetpea

XXVII. POLITENESS AND CHRISTMAS SONG,
PAGES 121-123

1. Preparation : *politeness, nursery, impolite, present, gentle, expect.*

nurse	polite			
nursery	politeness	prĕsent	gentle	expect

2. Practice and Review : (*Conversation*)

candy	popcorn	sleigh	ribbon	plaything
soldier	picture	wagon	music	steamboat
doll house	rifle	organ	railroad	knife

XXVIII. THE WE-ENKS AND THE LITTLE SLEEP
FAIRIES, PAGES 123-127

1. Preparation : *wrinkle, warrior, eyelid.*

chink		(I)
wrinkle	(wor yer)	eye
wriggle	warrior	eyelid

2. Practice and Review : (*Talk about Indians—put words on BB*)

brave	chief	moose	bear	(ka noo)
squaw	hunter	papoose	buffalo	canoe
musket	captive	kettle	hatchet	paddle
rifle	capture	feast	tōmahawk	mōccasins

XXIX. FROGS AT SCHOOL, PAGES 128-129

1. Preparation : *stern, pleasant, nobly, dodge.*

lantern	pleasure	noble	edge
stern	pleasant	nobly	dodge

2. Practice and Review : (*Conversation*)

gröçer	cheese	turnips	parsely	oatmeal
grocery	soda	carrots	potatoes	nutmeg
groceries	pickles	radishes	mustard	çelery

XXX. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, PAGES 130-140

1. Preparation : *believe, straight, curtain, satisfied, mischief.*

thief	rain	mountain		
belief	(strait)	curtain	satisfy	
believe	straight	captain	satisfied	mischief

2. New Phonogram Developed : *tion = shun.*

promote	subtract	act	add	dictate
promotion	subtraction	action	addition	dictation
vacation	nation	notation	portion	station
position	notion	attention	mention	relation

XXXI. THE RABBITS AND THE CHIPMUNKS, PAGES
140-145

1. Preparation : *autumn, picnic, shoulder, afterward, family, cozy, aren't.*

autum p	family	aren't	(word)
pienie	shoulder	cōzy	afterward

2. Practice and Review :

quench French wrench	breeze sneeze squeeze	button mutton cotton	present presently	witch twitch scritch
death breath weather	sparrow narrow barrow	want wander squander	tumble bumble tremble	battle cuttle scuttle
pack packet jacket	happen happening happened	hush crush rushed	fortune fortunate unfortunately	

XXXII. THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT, PAGES 146-154

1. Preparation : *accident, umbrella, lettuce, cucumber, excitement, implore, exert, sieve, idea, cousin, onion, fortnight, camomile, gooseberry.*

aecident	(lēt İs)	implore	excite·	cāmōmile
ūmbrēlla	lettuce	cūcūmber	excitement	gooseberry
(eg zurt)	(sīv)	cōuntry	(ŭn yŭn)	(fort nīt)
exert	sieve	cōusin	onion	fortnight

2. New Phonogram Developed : *age*.

cabbage	manage	rummage	package	savage
baggage	damage	luggage	garbage	courage

3. Practice and Review :

thief	edge	towel	England	dread
chief	dodge	trowel	English	dreadful
grief	lodge	vowel	Englishman	dreadfully
polite	wonder	care	accident	
politely	wonderful	careful	accidental	
impolitely	wonderfully	carefully	accidentally	

XXXIII. NONSENSE ALPHABET, PAGES 155-163

1. Preparation :

(a) Rhyme study : *heron, orange, quail, screw, unicorn, vulture, Xerxes, turban.*

(b) Word study : *picture, length, extreme, principal, quaint, turban, zealous.*

vulture	length		prince	quail
picture	strength	extreme	principal	quaint
	turtle	(zěl ůs)		
	turbán	zealous		

2. Practice and Review : *ph = f*.

Phoebe	elephant	telephone	phrase phiz
Philip	telegraph	phonograph	photograph

PHONIC ELEMENTS IN THE ORDER OF THEIR TREATMENT

LESSON

- I. Practice and Review : *ǣ*.
- II. Practice and Review : *ě*.
- III. Practice and Review : *ĩ*.
- IV. Practice and Review : *ǫ*.
- V. Practice and Review : *ũ*.
New Phonogram developed : *ȝ = z*.
- VI. Practice and Review : *a - e = ā*.
- VII. New Phonograms developed : *air = are, arrow*.
- VIII. Practice and Review : *ee = ē, ea = ě*.
- IX. Practice and Review : *i - e = ī, ie = ĭ, igh = ĭ*.
- X. Practice and Review : *o - e = ō, oe = ō, oa = ō, ow = ō*.
- XI. Practice and Review : *u - e = ū, ue = ū, ew = ū*.
- XII. Practice and Review : *short vowels, ful*.
- XIII. Practice and Review : *aw = au = ou = a = ô, ves*.
- XIV. New Phonogram developed : *a = ǫ*.
- XV. New Phonogram developed : *o = ũ*.
- XVI. New Phonograms developed : *ck = c = k*.
- XVII. New Phonogram developed : *ç = s*.
- XVIII. New Phonogram developed : *ōō*.
- XX. Practice and Review : *ed = ěd, ed = d, ed = t*.
- XXI. New Phonogram developed : *ä as in arm*.
- XXX. New Phonogram developed : *tion = shun*.
- XXXIII. Practice and Review : *ph = f*.

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